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# PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS

The  
Old Book  
Room

The  
Children's  
Room

The  
Art Room

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PRESIDENT JORDAN ON THE BIG TREES.

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## PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS



HIS, then, is *Personal Impressions*:—A simple record of current literature enlivened by the touch of personal opinion; honest in expression, though not claiming finality of judgment, it offers a suggestion of the nature of recent books and a help in their selection. Additional to its literary character, it will take an active interest in all that pertains to the art and natural beauty of our city and state. Save the Sequoias!—is the burden now. With the supplementary features this number may be considered as evidence of intention.

A year gives the fiction reader but few books entirely worth while. Booth Tarkington has written one for the list in *A Gentleman from Indiana*. The story is distinctly American, and fine in every way. The characters are pictured with accurate understanding; the heroine we love, (even if she is too clever,) and the hero wins our confidence and affection. *To Have and to Hold* appears too late for review in this number. Judging from Miss Johnston's work in *Prisoners of Hope*, and a general impression from its serial issue, we feel that we can safely promise a strong and interesting novel. The plot is laid in colonial Virginia, again developing that rich vein, so long overlooked,—American historical fiction. Felix Gras completes in *The White Terror* the trilogy on the French Revolution of which *The Reds of the Midi* and *The Terror* have previously appeared. We wish that we had space for the careful consideration of which it is worthy. The author's style is exquisite in its delicacy and refinement; he is especially happy in portraying the peasants and the lowly. The interest in this last volume drags somewhat, unfortunately, and we lost patience with the good padre for his gentleness, when gentleness ceased to be a virtue; but these points do not detract from the rare quality of the book. *Red Pottage*, on the other hand, is a novel that never loses the interest of the reader; it is unusual and worth reading. The author, Mary Cholmondeley, will be remembered as the author of *The Danvers' Jewels*.

### The Transvaal Literature.

The stirring events in South Africa, with their portent of grave development for the future, have suddenly brought to prominent interest a country about which there is singularly little known by the general public. The gravity of the situation has made it almost a duty for all to acquaint themselves with the merits and history of the controversy; but in any event it is certainly the desire of many to do so. We, therefore, have collected the following list of the best books on the subject:

Standing easily first because of its broad treatment, its impartial but judicial attitude, is *Impressions of South Africa*, by James Bryce, whose *American Commonwealth*, if nothing else, has gained for the author the confidence of both England and America. The book is the result of personal study in South Africa some five years ago, and was published in 1897, but the recent edition contains a prefatory chapter, giving a most fair summary of the events leading up to the present war. As a whole, the work is not limited to the Transvaal situation but embraces the conditions of the entire country, treating of the physical features, their effect upon health, the nature, scenery and natives, the history and the present conditions of the different colonies and states. Following this, and with special reference to the Transvaal, *Oom Paul's People*, by Howard C. Hillegas, should most certainly be read. It is written in a simple but picturesque style, one that photographs the country and conditions most vividly for the reader. We would not term the author partisan, although he is warmly pro-Boer, but rather that he is moved by a deep sympathy with the harsh conditions of the country gained after a long century of conflict, renunciation and pathetic trekking in search of the freedom and conditions their nature demanded. The volume

contains character sketches of the Boer people, of President Kruger and of Cecil Rhodes. H. Rider Haggard's *A History of the Transvaal* is a somewhat bald and intensely partisan, pro-English history of the politics and conflicts with reference to the present trouble. Its merit is in giving this concise historical sketch. *Britain and Boer* consists of articles on both sides of the question. The writers include, among others, James Bryce, Sidney Brooks, Andrew Carnegie and Max Nordau. *The Transvaal from Within*, by J. F. Fitzpatrick, is another presumably non-partisan work; but it arrives at a conclusion so favorable to the British that it has become in England the most read book of the day. The recommendation of Lord Roseberry probably caused much of the demand. *Side Lights on South Africa* is by Roy Devereux, a woman who went as correspondent for a London paper "to the ends of the world" in search of health and newimpressions. The latter she certainly received, as she went everywhere and saw much, and her book is both entertaining and helpful. With reference to the Jameson Raid episode, two books may be read with interest. The one is *A Woman's Part in a Revolution*, by Mrs. John Hays Hammond, the wife of the American who will be remembered as one of the leaders of the Johannesburg Reform Committee; the other is *Dr. Jameson's Raiders*, by Richard Harding Davis. For the early Boer history read a little volume by Hon. Henry Cloete, entitled *The History of the Great Boer Trek*. Finally, the January and February numbers of the North American Review have been largely devoted to some very able articles.

Sequels of successful books being so often failures, we have been very uneasy since we first heard the rumor that Barrie was working to complete *Sentimental Tommy*. With most books an insufficient continuation would not be of much moment, but with this it is very different. We have a more personal feeling; an indefinable sense that we ourselves discovered Sentimental Tommy and were responsible for his future. This being so, we are very much relieved to find in the opening chapter of *Tommy and Grizel* that T. Sandys is most certainly Sentimental Tommy. We recognized him at once, even though we held ourselves aloof for a time to be very sure that his years of absence had merely matured and not made him new; indeed, we are not very sure that they have even done that. Of course, it is impossible to describe Tommy. Barrie, even, does not try to do that. You have simply to meet him, watch him unfold, study his actions, as Grizel did, and finally you will know him. Elspeth is just the same, a dear little love-blind sister, adoring her brother and seeing no guile in him, but Grizel is developing most interestingly. When one becomes a little worried and feels insecure under the uncertainties of Tommy's character it is the greatest comfort in the world to meet her again and realize her earnest, ruggedly-honest nature, generous and loving, neither deceiving nor being deceived. She certainly is too much for T. Sandys.

D. P. E.

### Kipling's *Stalky & Co.*

The critic still howls, and the public continues to rant, because Mr. Kipling wrote *Stalky & Co.* Brave is the man who dares say a word of good for the detestable *Three*. Here is a chance for me. I do see good in it (with much that is vile). Is it course? Yes, abominably so. Is it a picture of unnatural boyhood? No! Mr. Kipling's bald utterances may shock the tender, and its wild realism may find minds unprepared. Though much grown up, the boys are still boys, and many such have we all seen. It is not a book for the *too good* to read, nor young folk; but he who reads and does not laugh has no laugh in him, or he who sees no reflection of his own boyhood, in its exaggarations, lived no complete boyhood.

M. S.

### Miss Florence Lundborg.

The original drawings for the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, by Miss Florence Lundborg (Doxey Press), will be on display at Messrs. Elder and Shepard's from March 5th to 14th. Miss Lundborg has been studying in Europe for the past three years, and this opportunity of viewing the result of her work will be of general interest.



AD Mr. Robert Cameron Rogers given us no other poems than his *Rosary* and *A'Outrance*, he would still have been entitled to no inconsiderable place among the minor sons of song. The one cannot be surpassed in fine lyrical quality and in true sentiment; the other is a little masterpiece of realistic verse. But in his two slender volumes, *The Wind in the Clearing* and *For the King* (Putnam's Sons), there are so many poems that compel attention, both on account of originality of expression and strong metrical treatment, that all doubt as to this author's claim to such distinction is entirely dispelled. Especially fine are the Greek verses in the former book, and also the title poem; and in the other, although "For the King," "Charon," "A Song of the East Wind," "The Song to Sleep" (a well-executed sonnet), and "The Ode to Great Britain," powerful things in themselves, are all to which one would return for a second reading, those remaining are not of an order to detract in any way from the writer's unquestionable merit. The poem "For the King" reminds one much, both in rugged simplicity and in spirit, of the old Hebrew songs. It moves evenly, almost majestically, to its climax; the three soldiers of the King, their enemies, and David himself, are pictured in graphic lines and stand out like clear-cut cameos. And when the water he desired is presented to him by his wounded warriors, and he pours it upon the ground as offering to the Lord and humbles himself, the reader almost feels that he, too, stands before that abject ruler, in the presence of the omnipotent Jehovah.

Mr. Rogers is now a resident of Santa Barbara, and, although the celebrated Dr. Johnson would have pooh-poohed the idea as fanciful and contrary to his own way of thinking, it will be interesting to await the effect of Southern California's benign climate upon him as a writer. His future work is not likely to be any the less finished. If anything, it will be mellowed in tone, and he will treat Western themes as charmingly as he did those of Greece.

HOWARD V. SUTHERLAND.

### Elizabeth and Her German Garden.

There are thousands of books about gardens and gardening, but hardly more than once in a generation do we have a new gift of genius to the literature of the garden. It is here again in these two books which are really one, and, in spite of some surface faults, no work of equal distinction has been done in this difficult field for many years. Unheralded by any noise of trumpets, *Elizabeth and Her German Garden* began its career in England and came to America where it is now one of the books in most demand (aside from novels) in cities as widely different as Los Angeles and Philadelphia. Its sequel, *The Solitary Summer*, possesses the same grace and brilliancy, involves the same problems.

Who and what is this beautiful imperious, young aristocrat of that wonderful old garden by the North Sea? Is she German or English? Is there any such land of beauty as that fascinating place where the April baby, the May baby and the June baby sit in a row on the buttercups and ask difficult questions? Are these lovely children, that noisy, stubborn Man of Wrath, that helpless, bewildered Minora and all that fresh outdoor life a mere bookish make-believe? Perish the thought! There is an Elizabeth, and she has a garden. Surely she is an American, though! she tries hard to conceal it, and she may have gone to school with Kate Douglas Wiggin, and sat at the feet of John Burroughs.

CHARLES H. SHINN.







THE quaint, old *Nuremberg Chronicle* is probably one of the most interesting of the early printed books, holding within its covers the elements of much genuine entertainment. It has often been called the Picture Book of the Middle Ages, having over two thousand illustrations; all of them, from a modern standpoint, being curious and unique and some of them, as for instance the pictures of the Creation and the Judgment, being executed with realistic conception and vigorous artistic treatment. The illustrators were Wolgenut and Pleydenwuff, two artists who had formed a partnership very frankly acknowledged to be for business purposes, and who are now remembered principally as having been the teachers of that great master of Nuremberg, Albrecht Durer. The illustrations to the *Chronicle*, however, engaged their best efforts, and are in great profusion and variety; representing the progress of Creation, Genealogies, Cyclops and Hermaphrodites, Portraits of Emperors, Cardinals and Popes, and Views of Cities. Some of them have been the mark of religious zealots through the centuries, the picture of the Pope Joan for instance, being often missing in the copies of to-day. The date of publication carries us away back to the discovery of America, it having been issued in 1493 by that famous printer of bibles, Koburger. The author, seemingly very much overlooked, was one Hartman Schedel, who compiled it from various sources.

The volume, with its wealth of decoration, stands in marked contrast to that most revered and desired of antiquarian books, the *First Folio Shakespeare*. This is absolutely severe and unadorned, save for the Droueshaut portrait of Shakespeare which graces the title page. It is not of imposing size or proportion, the type is small, and in fact there is nothing to attract attention. Its very simplicity stands as a silent tribute to the greatest name in literature. California is rapidly becoming rich in these rare old volumes. At least three copies of the *First Folio Shakespeare* are held here, two of them in private libraries, and there are also several fine copies of the *Nuremberg Chronicle*. One of these, only recently acquired, is a splendid copy, complete and perfect. Bound in thick solid oak boards, covered with time-worn leather, pierced by the holes of book worms, it remains as a venerable evidence of the passing centuries.

The system of nomenclature used in designating the different fields of book collecting is not euphonious. It consists of adding one or both of the syllables *iana* to the rest of the word. Thus we have *Dickensiana*, *Thackerayana*, which translated means the collection of first editions of these authors; or *Californiana*, meaning the collection of early literature, historical and general, bearing on the State, (and indeed this is a most valuable field). But of them all, there are none more fascinating or alluring than *Cruikshankiana*, being the collection of all first editions of books and pamphlets illustrated by George Cruikshank. Of course, his father Isaac and his brother Robert, both being illustrators, are in fact included in the general title, but it is the younger son, the observant, enthusiastic, original, the humorist, caricaturist, poet, George, who made the name Cruikshank famous, and is now remembered, loved and collected. It was he who gave the world an annual hearty laugh with *The Comic Almanac*, who became a political influence with *The Bank Note* and *The Political House that Jack Built*, and who entranced the children and their parents with the most charming and delicate illustrations to *The Fairy Library*. It is true here he, in a way, libeled the fairies in his text, by introducing his temperance principle into these sacred tales; but this affords only another evidence of his sincere earnest character, throwing himself and his convictions into all his acts.

His work is profuse and varied, so it is difficult to give it mention in this small space. His *Grimm's Fairy Tales*, of which Ruskin said, "the etchings in them are the finest things, next to Rembrandt's, that as far as I know, have ever been done since etching was invented," is very rare and brings a large price at auctions. The list runs through *Three Courses and a Dessert* which had great popularity, *The Omnibus*, *Scott's Demonology*, *Peter Schlemihl*, *In the Footsteps of Don Quixote*, *The Ballad of Lord Bateman*; and of course he will always be remembered as the illustrator of Dickens and Ainsworth. Happy is the possessor of *Cruikshankiana*, and thrice blessed when the volumes contain some personal touch, a signature or pencil sketch of this gentle artist.

D. P. E.

BY DAVID STARR JORDAN



LDDEST, mightiest and noblest of trees is the *Sequoia gigantea* of the slopes of the Sierras. Many of the trees of this species have reached an age safely estimated at eight thousand years, while the smaller ones were stout saplings of four to six feet in diameter at the time of the fall of Rome or the birth of the Christian era.

The genus *Sequoia* was once widely distributed over the earth as the pine or fir is to-day, or as the *Araucaria* is over South America. But outside of California it passed out of existence in an earlier geological period. Here it is represented by two species, the redwood (*Sequoia sempervirens*) of the Coast Range, and the big tree (*Sequoia gigantea*) of the Sierras. The redwood is much smaller than the big tree, though at its best far overtopping the noblest cedars, firs or pines. It is being rapidly destroyed, but it has one advantage. It cannot be easily extirpated. From every stump springs a growth of new trees, and only the most thorough-going slaughter with fire and ax can break up a redwood forest.

With the big tree this is not the case. No young trees rise from the stump, and except in extreme cases no small trees spring from the seed. The cause of this is found in depth of accumulated leaves in the big tree forests. Clear away the leaves and the seeds germinate. Where a stream flows through the grove the little trees arise along the brook, for there the leaves are washed away.

The big trees are found only in a few groves or patches half way up the Sierras on the level of the great forests of the two noblest of all pines—the sugar pine and the California yellow pine. Of these groves the Mariposa grove and two or three groves in Tulare have been reserved as Government parks. The Fresno grove and the grove in the Converse Basin in Tulare have been condemned to death and slaughtered as lumber. The Placer grove on the American River, lately discovered by Mr. William W. Price, contains but six or eight trees. The remaining forest, the Calaveras grove, has been long maintained as a private park by the devotion of Mr. James Sperry, its owner. He has now been forced to part with it, and three alternatives are left to the forest. It must be condemned and bought for park purposes by the United States or by California, or else it must be destroyed by the lumberman. This would be an eternal disgrace to California.

This grove in Calaveras County is the first one known. It is the one for which the species was named. It has furnished the seeds for all the *Sequoia* parks of Europe. It is not second to the Mariposa grove in the size of its trees, while the whole forest, rich as it is in noble trees of other sorts and rare Alpine vegetation, far surpasses any other grove in interest.

It is to-day the most noble piece of woodland on the face of the earth. Shall we consent to its destruction for the hundred thousand dollars' worth of lumber its trunks contain? To this there should be but one answer. Let us hear it!

One more word. "It will be asked," says John Muir, "Why are Sequoias always found in greatest abundance in well-watered places where streams are exceptionally abundant?" Simply because a growth of Sequoias creates those streams. The thirsty mountaineer knows well that in every Sequoia grove he will find running water, but it is a very complete mistake to suppose that the water is the cause of the grove being there; for, on the contrary, the grove is the entire cause of the water being there; drain off the water and the trees will remain, but cut off the trees and the streams will vanish. \* \* \*

"The roots of this immense tree fill the ground, forming a thick sponge that absorbs and holds back the rains and melting snows, only allowing them to ooze and flow gently. Indeed, every fallen leaf and rootlet, as well as long clasping root and prostrate trunk, may be regarded as dams, hoarding the bounty of storm-clouds and dispensing it as blessings all through the summer, instead of allowing it to go headlong in short-lived floods. Evaporation is also checked by the dense foliage to a greater extent than by any other Sierra tree, and the air is entangled in masses and broad sheets that are quickly saturated; while thirsty winds are not allowed to go sponging and licking along the ground."

## Come! Let's Play.

(A Foreword.)



OME! we will be children again; the sun shines, and is warm and soft. The water sings a song and is wet and smooth. The grass forests are full of mysteries. The shade spots are unexplored lands. The light spots are rivers and bays waiting for us to tread their changing boundaries, always new with wonderful doings. Into the shadows! scramble over crystal hills; come! see how deep, dark and fearsome is the dragon's den—then we'll scamper away. Come! let's play.

WE wish no "People" with us; they don't know what we know, and can't see things, though they say they do and smile, but we don't want them to smile because they always think they have to; 'tisn't because they *know*, and can see things, but because they want us to feel good or make our mothers like them. They like us, but they don't know much or they would play right, and not try so hard. Some of them don't like us; they try hard, too, but they make us squirm all over, we're so uncomfortable; then we shut ourselves up. Those people seem to get into us, so when we go into the bushes or the barn we forget how to play the best way, we are so afraid they will see us, and then we should be ashamed. We hate to feel ashamed—it hurts. We wish "People" knew how to play, for we could have such fun, because they know about some things we haven't *had* yet which would make great games. They might tell us new games, but there are not many who know how to teach us, because they expect us to play *their way*; now, it seems to me that if they would just make themselves loose and remember back to our time, and forget they have had lots of years—just hide away from themselves, you know—and sort of shut their remembering out backwards and be one of us again without lots of years—Oh! couldn't we play "giant," though, and "mountain" and "earthquake" and all the games we *make believe* at; besides, a grown-up person of that kind makes us feel new things inside which we don't seem to feel with only children playing. Oh! but I wish people would *try*. Don't you see that if everybody did that they would be happy all around, and they wouldn't have to work at all and could play every day. I could make hosts of games if only big folks would do what I say. It can be done, for I know a Man who plays right, and he's old, too—(he's thirty; he told me so). I'll tell you about him. We all like him. He's the only old person that I'm going to say much about, because he won't care, and he sometimes helps us—and never preaches; he has a nice voice to hear; it sounds like Betsy's when she first speaks to a new girl all alone. He doesn't talk at us fast and all at once, but seems to be thinking about things, and we want to know just what; he's gentle and slow sometimes, and then his face is nice to look at—he *understands* us without making us feel that we must "show off." Betsy is a girl; she's nine, and lots of fun; sometimes she gets hurt, but doesn't cry long (which makes us all the more sorry for her). Betsy will tell you stories if she thinks you know what she means. Oh! but *she* can tell stories. Then there is Joe; he's queer, and we can't get along with him; he always has new things to do that I could never think up; he has adventures, too; he goes away and *has* them and comes back and tells us, (you shall hear him some day).

Then there's Pokey (her name is Barbara, but we call her Pokey); she cries a good deal and gets hurt easily and gets the "huffs." I sometimes think it isn't "huffs," but that she likes to *think* things all alone. She's queer, too, and can't get along with Joe, which seems strange. You will hear a good deal of Pokey. Then there is a dog, "Jay;" he's a bulldog and something else; he's mine, and my *best* friend. Then there's a cat; his name is Jerry; and a rooster called "Dommick"—all these people are very important. I wish I had time now to tell you more about them. Betsy is the best of all. Joe, he's next, for he has adventures. Jay, my dog, is next; he tells stories, too, but I am the only one who understands, so I talk for him. I suppose Pokey comes next. ("People" say



she's "an interesting child," but I don't know what they mean.) Then Jerry, the cat ; he makes me think. Then Dommick ; his adventures are wonderful ; he's *so* crazy and proud. Oh ! I nearly forgot Frank, the bay horse, he does wonderful things and talks.

*Note to the children :—I wanted to start Betsy's story this month, but the little boy has said so much in introducing some of the characters to come later that I will have to put Betsy's story off until next month.—Ed.*

DEAR MR. ———: I'm very much obliged to you for sending me that book Professor Jordan wrote. It's got a queer name, though, *The Book of Knight and Barbara*. I haven't read it all yet, for it is a long book, with lots of stories in it, but they are *all* good, for every one I've read is good. It seems to me Mr. Jordan knows how to tell stories for us children. Most people who write books *say* they are children's books, but I think they write them to see what big people will think, and not to tell the kind of things we like, and know are so. Those people's books sometimes make us excited or mixed up in our minds, but we soon want to run away if we read them long. I like the pictures in Mr. Jordan's book because they are up close and big. I wish I could hear him *tell* some stories. I like another book, too, *The City o' Ligg* it is called. I bet the man who wrote it can *play* things. I guess his book would make big people laugh, too ; I guess it is good for everybody to read. There are a good many words and things in it I don't understand, but maybe I don't know much, anyhow. I had to laugh about the grand piano and the chairs. They were just like real people. When I was very young I got *Wild Animals* ; (Mr. Thompson wrote it.) I liked it then, but I like it more now than ever. I like it more than the *Jungle Stories*. Everybody likes it (even auntie). I know Mr. Thompson, and when I saw him I knew he liked dogs and other animals. He didn't have to *say* so ; he knows how to talk "Animal," and his eyes get bright when he tells about them, for he knows just what comes next. It seems to me he must be a great man to tell us all the true things he does. Little children can understand his book, and big folks smile because they see that he knows all about nature and animals, and the *way* he tells things makes you *see*. He is a great man to be so high in his words and to be able to put his heart into little animals. I think he loves children, for I wasn't afraid of him. He has a smart face, but you see mostly kindness in it. I must close. Your friend,

P. S.—I'll write again to you. I just as lief.

### Real True.

Here comes a letter written by a little girl four years old. She lives in the country, and likes all the things that live out of doors. She writes to a little girl four years old who lives in a big city. Little *city girls* will like to hear what she says, and they will think of the things they like to do and to play in the city.—ED.

S—Y—, Feb. 12, 1900.

DEAR ELIZABETH:—I can reach the mantelpiece. I have a doll buggy, with a blue parasol on top, and it's all blue on the front of the back of the inside.

We've got some little puppies—and some turkies and chickens and some little *new* ducks (they're in eggs yet), and an old yellow hen, and I am going to have a pet lamb. I've got a doll that opens and shuts its eyes.

We went out to the gum trees and we had to cross the water so many times ; part of it was in the glen, and we had to put our ponies before us. We tried to catch frogs. The water looked *deep*, and there was a very pretty fern growing in there—it wasn't dark, it was very light. Walter (he's my brother) lost his lasso rope, and I found a funny moss growing over a little bit of a tree.

We ran down there one day. Walter's face got full of mud and he looked funny. It was too far for him to walk, and when we got home mamma said we must not go there again because it scared her. Walter caught a ladybug, and I caught one in a pill box, but when I was going over *the bridge* it got killed by my thumb. I send my love. I hope you will write to me.

ELLEN.

(A Fable.)



NCE upon a time, not long ago, Onyx Table, while sleeping peacefully, was spirited away. Awakening he found himself in a room where men and women lived. He shivered with cold, and a strange, new feeling of uncertainty, he drew his pink scarf about his legs, and slowly gathered his faculties, he became conscious that something was wrong. During his sleep he had been placed in a room with objects for whom he had the warmest contempt. Why this embarrassing position? He swelled with just indignation. You must know that Onyx was a person of dignity and social position, and was on long-visiting terms with the best families, but never before had he experienced so distinct a shock upon observing his surroundings and associates, never had his poise been so disturbed by an atmosphere charged with reserve, coldness and lack of appreciation. For the first time in his life he lacked self-confidence. Was it because Royal Worcester and Silver Bon-bon Dish were not sitting on him? Why such indifference to his presence? He, the Lord of a thousand drawing rooms. It should be explained, he drew himself to his full height against the wall (where he felt at home) and said, with brazen indifference to it all, with some sarcasm in his tones, "I fear I have interrupted the intelligent conversation of this dignified gathering." (He knew all about "gatherings.") Brass Candlestick said, "No, sir, we were only thinking you very 'swell,' and wondered why you varnish your legs." Now, Candlestick was Polish and a simple, direct soul, with not an atom of guile, his very simplicity disarmed poor Onyx, he was pleased to have his "swellness" recognized. He sighed enough to flutter his pink scarf, and replied, "Thanks, orfully, I *am* swell; as for the varnish, that is *perennial youth*, and it obviates the necessity of washing." "Ah! yes, you have brilliancy without polish," observed Brass Vase (who is bright) from Highboy's shoulder. "Thanks, orfully again, I have been called brilliant, my society is much desired, and I may say that my social position is to be envied. I count among my friends, a Royal Worcester, four Havilands and many of the Silver family, some of you may have heard of them." "Yes, sir," timidly murmured Favrele, who blushed as she spoke. "But we have not had the *extreme* pleasure of meeting them," interrupted Highboy in lofty tones. There was something in Highboy's manner which tore the veil of pink from Onyx's eyes, revealing the entire assemblage to him in all their groundless arrogance. He boiled with anger, and his top cracked with suppressed ire. Striding out, he stood rampant upon Bokhara Rug (who said nothing for he was accustomed to it). "You are a lot of stuck-up prigs, over what, I don't see, look at Mrs. Sofa, she hasn't even a dozen pine needle pillows, and would break a back that sat on her. My amiable friend, Highboy, you're old, and haven't a suggestion of varnish (there's one like you in the cellar of a house I once lived in,) as for you, Chairs, you're not worth sitting on. Where's your gilt, eh? Dear Mr. Mantel, aren't you burdened with your decorative friends, who are not valued enough to be bought in pairs? Do you Pictures ever *talk* straight? you're not *hung* so, I see. Did you ever see a silk drape? half of you are not framed, laugh! such nakedness, I shiver, you should see yourselves in the eyes of my friend, Painted Mirror. What is that dry stuff you have in you: mouth, Mr. Brown (Vase)? Do you think you're beautiful, friend Table? you take up a lot of room, but you must allow that you're plain, bah! Dowds, stiff backs, guiltless crew, irregular masses, somber tombstones, pinkless people, Puritanic simpletons, expresionless posers—what do you do all day? Silently admire, reservedly express, finely appreciate, harmoniously associate, spiritually enjoy. Ha, ha! ha, ha! Thanks be to the Gods—I have gilt—I go to find some *color*. Good day." Onyx Table rushed from the room.

"Dear me," said Favrele, "we must all be wrong." "Not guilty," grunted Highboy. They all smiled and sighed, and beamed discreetly, and loved each other more than ever.

M. S.



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The death of Mr. George Warrington Stevens caused more than an impersonal regret to the many readers of his books. His vigorous, brilliant descriptions and individual style took possession of the imagination and made him very real, indeed. The announcement of a posthumous work, *From Cape Town to Ladysmith*, relieves us from complete disappointment for a book from him on the Boer war. The Transvaal would have been a rich field for his abilities. Another volume that the situation has called forth is *The Transvaal Outlook*, by Albert Stickney, announced by the publishers as being a strong consideration of the political and military conditions, and greatly in favor of the Boers.

A collection of Klondike doggerel (as the author terms it), by Howard V. Sutherland, is announced by Doxey's. It is to be called *Bigg's Bar and Other Klondike Ballads*, and is full of the local color of these new mining camps, and of Dawson in the early days of the boom. Mr. Sutherland is doubtless known to our readers by the many dainty lyrics and imaginative stories contributed to the weeklies for some years past, and as editor of the *News Letter*. His writings have all been most finished in style and conception, and are touched by delicate feeling and fine imagination. We learn that he is soon to establish himself in New York, and wish him all success in that larger field.

**A few good novels**—*Captain Dieppe*, by Anthony Hope, is a capital short tale, light—but very good for the leisure half hour that has to be entertained. It is told with a delicate, quaint fancy and humor that throws a charm about the little romance, and makes it a very pleasant memory. *On Trial*, a Devonshire story, is very well done. It is somewhat similar in scene and environment to *Children of the Mist*; in certain points we do not hesitate to say that it is superior to it (for one thing it is not so long). It is most pathetic at times; the self-sacrificing, courageous Phoebe is in strong contrast to her irresolute and weak-natured lover. The author is "Zack," whose *Life is Life*, issued last year, gave promise of just the good work she is here doing. *Sweethearts and Wives*, by Anna A. Rogers, is a collection of simple stories of life in the navy, very pleasantly written and, we should think, quite true. The title story will certainly appeal to all the wives and sweethearts who themselves experience just such times of anxious waiting for their absent loved ones. We trust our readers will not think us too optimistic in our estimates. It is certainly more pleasant to select for mention the books that please us. Did space permit, we know of a number that we should delight to roast.

D. P. E.

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ANKIND is incurably religious," says Paul Sabatier in that most scholarly and sympathetic volume, *The Life of St. Francis of Assisi*, and surely never more religious than now. Though "the old order changes," and to the loyal religious conservative the foundations seem to be slipping away, yet a large proportion of the noteworthy books issued for the last two years have dealt with what has been called the new ethics, the philosophy of meliorism. Meliorism differs widely from

radical optimism, but is a brave reaching out and up from the ruins of the old to something new and beautiful which shall yet be durable and palpable in a workaday world. "It is not a new gospel we need," says Professor Edward Griggs in *The New Humanism*, "but the gospel made anew." His introductory chapters make up a very good handbook of comparative ethics and lead up to the formulation in the later ones of what we must take to be his message—his personal contribution to the literature of this melioristic philosophy. In Swinburne's ode on the death of Baudelaire there are two lines which seem to sum up the plaint of the old pessimism—"Not all our songs, O friend, will make death clear or make life durable." In the honest daylight, with God's sun on the hillsides, what mere idle singing this seems to a man or woman who has once seen life whole; yet even to the clear of vision is not always given the strength to travel alone the long road from intelligent agnosticism to a human creed, and we are glad of guide-posts and resting places. Great questions press us for answers by the way. We have veiled glimpses of spiritual realities in the most day-to-day intercourse. Professor Griggs is right—"Our problem is fundamentally ethical and religious, widely as that fact is ignored"; and his *New Humanism*, while it makes no plea as a system, is clearly in the van of the formulated thought of the new crusade. The style of the book is good, honest English, with here and there bits of really fine writing. In the chapter entitled "Greek and Christian Ideals in Modern Civilization," Professor Griggs defines the ultimate ethic as a union of the two—not a piecing together, but a fusion—resulting in "the ideal of rounded, harmonious self-development, of high culture crowned by the noblest spiritual purity, the largest love and a capacity for self-abnegation when that is the path of life." Under the new philosophy, then, the highest ethical development will be found in the man who stands midway between Simeon Stylites and Marius the Epicurean.

The last chapter in the book, *The Religion of Humanity*, formulates the creed, but there is a short passage closing the chapter on *The Ethics of Social Reconstruction* that might well stand alone, in simplicity and strength, as typifying the thought of the book. It is reminiscent of the "To be honest, to be kind" of the Christmas sermon. "In the effort to appreciate various forms of greatness, let us not underestimate the value of a simply good life. Just to be good: to keep life pure from degrading elements, to make it constantly helpful in little ways to those who are touched by it, to keep one's spirit always sweet, and avoid all manner of petty anger and irritability—that is an ideal as noble as it is difficult."

MARY MORROW.

### MR. RICHARD HOVEY.



HERE is something inexpressibly sad about the death of a young poet. When the singer goes to the dim lands of death crowned with the laurels which are only gained after long years of labor, his hence-taking, seeing that we are partially prepared for it, does not shock us so much. We feel then that his hard work is somewhat rewarded, that life must have given him no little satisfaction, and that the final cup was not bitter to his lips; but when a young man leaves us, and especially one

who has shown a desire to uplift humanity and to ease as best he can the countless sorrows of the world's oppressed, then we follow to the grave with bowed heads and with hearts depressed by a sense that he has not been justly dealt with. Who has seen a dead bird by the wayside, its feathery finery ruffled by the winds and soiled by the dust, and not regretted that the forest choir was robbed of a piping treble? Who has not felt, as one by one our singers have been gathered away, that not even the splendid



isolation of death, and the majestic solemnity connected therewith, could balance the loss sustained by life in their departure?

Mr. Hovey covered a wide range in his daily work and, had his life been spared, in another ten years would undoubtedly have exerted a great influence upon American letters. He wrote of everything, from *Launcelot and Guenevere* to the late Henry George, whom he aptly terms "the Bayard of the poor." Much of his descriptive verse has about it the odor of the woods, and his sonnet "America" is so strong, so thoroughly in keeping with the widening sentiment in favor of a greater Republic, that it is perfectly proper to print it here, where it will be a silent witness to the worth of a man whose loss is doubly to be regretted during the present unsettled times:

## AMERICA.

We came to birth in battle; when we pass,  
It shall be to the thunder of the drums.  
We are not one that weeps and saith *Alas*,  
Nor one that dreams of dim millenniums.  
Our hand is set to this world's business,  
And it must be accomplished workmanly;  
Be we not stout enough to keep our place,  
What profits it the world that we be free?  
Not with despite for others, but to hold  
Our station in the world inviolate,  
We keep the stomach of the men of old  
Who built in blood the bastions of our fate.  
We know not to what goal God's purpose tends;  
We know He works through battle to His ends.

HOWARD V. SUTHERLAND.

## HISTORY AND MR. JOHN FISKE.

BY THOS. R. BACON.



N historian is a teacher of the people, or he is not worthy of the name. If he is not this, he is of no use as an historian. This statement hardly seems open to dispute, yet there are learned men who deny it. Of late years it has been rather fashionable to deny it, and to insist that history should be so dull that no one but a trained scholar could read it, and he only with pain. This position is untenable. What these persons write and admire is not history; it is only material out of which men with other aims and other gifts may make history.

This heresy had its origin in Germany, but other lands have suffered from the infection. Like most heresies it arises from putting exclusive emphasis on an important truth, generally a truth which needs emphasis. That an historian should be a profound and accurate scholar is a truth that needed emphasis; to insist that he should be nothing else, and know nothing except his immediate subject is to err from the truth so widely that should this heresy prevail, it would wreck history altogether. It is sad to notice how wide-spread it is. There are scattered abroad through civilized lands a multitude of persons, most of them with German Ph. D.'s, who live laborious days digging out material and piling it up in shapeless heaps, under the impression that they are making history. They are useful persons in themselves; but they are mischievous when they try to persuade people that they are historians, and that none others are. This they try to do systematically. They are trying to corrupt the innocent children in our schools by giving them so-called "sources," and telling them that this is history, and, if the children don't like this kind of history, they can go and make some for themselves. *Infandum!*

The amorphous heaps that these people construct are mere rubbish, carefully and painfully collected, but rubbish still, until the real historian comes along with his cyanide process and extracts from it a treasure which shall make the world glad and wise.

These delvers rather resent the existence of a man who can make their work of some use. Use is not what they are after, but "learning for learning's sake." They distrust

and dislike an historian like Mr. Fiske. He knows too many things. They cannot deny that he is an accurate historical scholar, but then he knows something about natural science, and a good deal about philosophy, and has ideas about religion and God and human immortality. He has even dabbled in music. These are all suspicious circumstances. But the damning fact is that he always has a story to tell, and he tells it with charm and power. He is always interesting; he is sometimes even amusing! He has an evident liking for the picturesque and the romantic. He gives welcome instruction to ordinary people. He has, in some degree, the qualities which have given immortality to those few historians who have attained it. Thus Mr. Fiske breaks all the canons but one of the heretical church, which will never forgive him. But that is no matter.

A recent critic has pointed out that though Mr. Fiske's scholarship is sound, and his statement of results is accurate and perspicuous, yet both have their limitations; that aspects of history, which do not interest him, he largely ignores. He does not try to interest his reader in things which do not interest himself. This limitation is well illustrated in his latest volumes, *The Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America*. In his account of the early life of two great commercial cities, he has little to say of its economic side. His interests are very human, and he probably has the feeling, which many of us have not outgrown, that economic science is somehow *inhuman*. This limitation is due to that personal tone in which he treats all events, and which makes so much of the charm and value of his work, and the exaggeration of which lays him open to hostile attack. When he tells of the annoyance and delay to which two travelers were subjected at the New York custom-house in 1679, he is as furious as when he himself encountered the same perennial nuisance on his last return from Europe; and his own pleasure in Mr. Bynner's novels causes him to put a pleasant little criticism of them into the text of his history. He certainly has "the defects of his qualities," but the defects are mostly amusing, and are redeemed by the rare quality from which they spring.

These volumes nearly complete the author's history of the United States from the beginning until the adoption of the Constitution. The little stories of struggling colonies cannot produce the august effect of such a book as *The Discovery of America*, but the events are just as significant, and, as Mr. Fiske tells them, just as interesting and instructive. In his own way and within his own field, he nobly fulfills the function of the historian; he makes us understand.

### THE OLD BOOK ROOM.



TO THE uninitiated, a collection of *Californiana* may seem lacking in any element of interest, but the investigator will soon find that on the contrary the subject is one of great variety and is possessed of most unique qualities. In it are periods contrasting vividly: as the era of the Spanish occupation and the old mission fathers against the stirring times of gold in '49; or the wild adventures by sea and land of the early voyages and journeys of exploration and discovery against the later development of our American civilization. The dates, even, will doubtless prove a surprise—from 1579, showing a greater antiquity to this "new west" than is generally supposed, up to, if you like, 1900.

The first printed book mentioning California, of which the writer has knowledge, is by Cornelius Wytfliet, entitled *Descriptiones Ptolemaical*, quarto, maps and plates, Sovanii, 1579. In this there are nineteen maps of America, one of them showing California as an island. From this the bibliography passes to 1685, in which year a French book, a translation from a Spanish manuscript, was published, being *Voyages de l'Empereur de la Chine*, including *Nouvelle Descente des Espagnols dans L'Isle de Californie, l'an, 1683*.

The period of exploration is rich in fine material. That sturdy Elizabethan seaman, Sir Francis Drake, was the first voyager to reach the Golden Gate; and following him in the exploration of the Northern Pacific were Cooke, Vancouver, Anson, Portlock, Prouse, Franchere and many others, the accounts of whose voyages are published in interesting



old editions, many quaintly and finely illustrated with copper engravings and maps. Wm. Dampier, *New Voyages Round the World in 1699* contains much of pirates, as indeed do the others. In the journeys by land we shall have to consider the opening of the great Northwest as within the field. In this we have Ellis, *Voyage to Hudson Bay in 1748*; Mackenzie, *Voyages on the St. Lawrence through the Continent of North America in 1789*; the account of the Lewis and Clarke expedition to the sources of the Missouri and down the Columbia to the Pacific in 1804-6, and the quaint little volume by Patrick Gass on the same subject; and the expedition of Major Pike, discovering Pike's Peak. Later volumes are Emory, *Military Reconnaissance*; Fremont, *Exploring Expedition*; Long's *Expedition to the Rocky Mountains*; Mollhausen, *Journey from the Mississippi to the Pacific*; Domench, *Deserts of North America*, and others bearing more on the later discovery of gold.

Of the Spanish mission period a collector would be fortunate should he secure some manuscript record of the old missions—a parish register, for example, with the signatures of the mission fathers; but he can count more surely on copies of some of the few printed books which may still be had. Of these Venegas, *Noticia de la Californie, y de su Conquista* is very interesting. It was printed in Madrid in 1757, in three volumes, with illustrations and maps, and is sometimes found in the crude vellum binding of the period, with thong and button fastenings. An English translation was published in 1789 in two volumes, with the illustrations and maps, and about the same time a French edition in three volumes. Pallou, *Vida y Padre Fray Junipero Serra*, published in Mexico in 1787, is more rare. It is in one volume, with an interesting plate and map. *Noticia de la Nueva Californie*, also by Pallou, was not separately published from the Mexican Archives till 1874; but unfortunately that reprint even is practically not procurable, as the edition of one hundred copies has mainly gone into public libraries. There still remain for mention two more works prominent in this period: Costanso, *Diario Historico de Norte de Californie, Mexico, 1776* (the date of the American Revolution), and Clavigero, *Storia della Californie, Venezia, 1789*.

It is impossible to attempt a mention of the books of '49. Each returning gold seeker found expression in print, and the tales of wonder and adventure exceed all the classics of imagination from the *Arabian Nights* down. Frank Marryat's *Mountains and Moehills* is hugely interesting and contains many lurid colored illustrations of the scenes depicted; the first edition of Bayard Taylor's *El Dorado* has also many illustrations; two of them show the original water-front line and the growth of the town in one year; and my readers are recommended to translate the puzzle in both the title and author of *Aurifodina*, by Cantell A. Bigly. The days of the Vigilance Committee also has its group of books, and histories of the state and city form a third. Of these latter Forbes, *History of California* was published in 1839, and Greenhow, in 1844. Alfred Robinson, *Life in California* is a narrative from the early part of the century to 1846. Other historians are Capron, Hittell, Royce and Tuthill. Dwinelle, *The Colonial History of San Francisco* is very rare and much desired, that is to say the enlarged third edition is, and the *Annals of San Francisco*, by Frank Soule and other writers, should be secured.

There still remains one interesting group that should not be overlooked, namely, early publications. Of the periodicals, *The Oregon Spectator* was the first to appear on the Coast, commencing February 5, 1846, while *The Californian*, issued in Monterey, was a close second, dating August 15th of the same year. Following these came the *California Star*, on January 9, 1847, and *The Alta California*, on January 4, 1849. *The Pioneer Magazine* appeared somewhat later and covered two years, 1854-55. The first published volume made its appearance in 1849. It was a most unpretentious little book, by F. P. Wierzbicki, entitled *California as it is and as it may be, or a Guide to the Gold Regions*. The first San Francisco city directory is another rare and curious little volume.

A complete collection of *Californiana* would most certainly include an imposing array of volumes, enough to discourage all but the most indefatigable and courageous of collectors. Still by confining the selection determinedly to the best works of the different periods, a private library can very easily contain a representative collection—one of value and varied interest.

D. P. E.

## What Betsy Did.



HAD a good time the other day. Sometimes I run away from the other children to get new things all my own, and then I make them look as I want them to. If the others join in, they have so many ways that everything is mixed up. It's fun to play like that most of the time, but I like to do my own way most. I don't mind Boy's helping me, for he seems to see just as I do and does the next act right—as I would do it. I went to the beach all alone, with no hat on, and my hair was down. I ran all the way there. I could jump to the tops of the trees and right over a bridge blocks long. I went sliding down the steep sand-hills that slide out under you. I screamed loud, it was such fun. I saw everything as I went along, green, and pink, and yellow, and blue mixed up with brown streaks, and the colors all had a good smell. That day was sunny, with some wind coming crooked out of the ocean. There was a sound in my ears that seemed all over the whole world. It was the ocean and the wind. The wind makes me laugh; as I ran it slipped around me and wrapped me up, like soft ribbons, I couldn't see; but I turned round and round and unwrapped the wind, and pulled it out of my hair. I said "Shoo, Wind!" and he slid over the sand, and made waves on some water that was there. The water got mad at the wind but couldn't chase it, so it was cross and cold just then, but the wind didn't care, and he went fluffing off to curl around a gum-tree. You should have seen the gum-tree when the wind went at it, the leaves talked, and laughed and screamed, and were made of silver and pink. I'd like to be a gum-tree or a water-tank. Water-tanks think lots and do good, and are very satisfied with themselves—they always smile. If I could be anything I wanted to, I would be one. I went on and on and on very far, till I came to the Ocean, but it roared so I thought it might flood the earth and drown everybody, so I looked around for a high place to get on. I found a whole city of Kopjes (those are the things people fight on top of). The one I took came up out of the ground, just like a big chicken croquette in a dish, for it was shaped like one. I climbed to the top of my Kopje and looked everywhere—mine was the highest—but I was afraid of being conquered, so I set Madge (that's my doll) up there to keep my hill. I went and got a long seaweed which was a big snake, Oh! so long. I put the snake around my hill, so no enemies could climb up, for they would be afraid when they saw the snake taking care of us. I was safe then, and Madge and I talked. That Kopje was a wonderful place, full of strange things: there were holes with dragons inside, and big bugs, and white sand with black spots. I tried to get the black spots together but it took too long. Soon it was night, and I was afraid, for my snake might go to sleep and then an enemy would come, so I dug down into the top of my Kopje and got inside. I looked all around and it seemed like the inside of a beehive, without any bees. The whole room was covered with shells, of all the colors I liked, and the floor was chocolate tiles. (I ate lots and gave Madge some.) We had a good time in there, for all around were doll houses with things in them—chairs, and tables, and stoves, and curtains, and beds, and everything (more than I ever had), besides two guns and bows and arrows, so I wished Boy was there. Then Boy came and it was real cozy. By and by it began to rain, and blow, and storm outside, but we didn't get wet, and no enemies could find us. Boy said he would defend me, for he had a gun, so we went outside again,—it was daytime. The city of Kopjes was all gone and we were in the middle of a dark forest. We couldn't see the sky. We heard the ocean roar, but we didn't know where it was—it seemed all around us. We were on an island. We walked a long time, full of fear (but we didn't seem to mind). Then we came to a Dragon, and Boy shot him and stood on the Dragon's head and cut his whiskers off for a "scalp." After that we came to a river which was blue and not very deep, so we got into a boat and sailed into the Sun. I could tell you

of many more adventures we had that day, but we had to go home then. I wonder sometimes if all people feel uncomfortable and dissatisfied, and near to crying when they get home after having wonderful adventures. Of course, I love my home and all my relations, but they seem to be *far away* when I come home.

DEAR MR. ———:

You said you wanted me to write to you about some *new* books I have read since I wrote to you last time. I haven't had any new books, mother says, but I have read *Robin Hood* that Howard Pyle wrote, and *The Talisman* that Sir Walter Scott wrote. I don't know how many times I have read those books, and I don't know which I like best—the one I get *last*, I think. I *started* two more books, one told by a lady, and the other by somebody else. I didn't get far in either one. The first made me feel mighty silly and laugh when I didn't know what I was laughing at; it was all about golden curls, and sunny faces, and pink toes and other things I don't care for. The other was full of pictures of animals, and birds, and men; it was *poetry*, too, and tried to be funny, but wasn't funny one bit; it had Greek jokes (I haven't had Greek yet; maybe when I am old I will like the book), and the pictures make believe they were done by children, but they weren't. It was a grown up person did them with his left hand, or he didn't know how to draw pictures—the whole book was a *sham*, I think. But oh, don't I love *Robin Hood*! That is what I call a fine book. I have read stories in it for years, and years, and years, and I never get tired of them. Robin is so brave, and strong, and smart, and generous. He can fight like everything, and then he lives in the green wood and sleeps out-of-doors. They all eat lots, and it never snows and they don't get colds and sore throats. I can just *see* all the great trees, and paths, and hills, and the "fairs" they go to (a writer is smart who can make us see things and *smell*, too). I wish I had more time to write about that book; I could write all day. Every boy and girl ought to have it, for it doesn't preach any, yet it makes you want to be good.

*The Talisman* I don't read so often, but I like it, for everything in it is grand, and big, and strange. Sir Kenneth is the kind of man I'd like to be; he doesn't say much, but I feel him there all the time; he was a great knight, and brave. I like books where the enemies are friends all the time, and give you surprises by the kind things they do for each other. I always feel "gulpy," but I like it. *The Talisman* isn't a girl's book, but I have heard of a girl who likes it. I must stop now. Maybe I'll get some new books soon to write to you about. If you want me to, I'll tell you some time just what books I like best.

Yours truly,

## AN APPRECIATION OF THE PAINTINGS OF WILLIAM KEITH.

BY CHARLES KEELER.



CALIFORNIA, during the brief period of her statehood, has brought forth a number of men and a few women of brilliant attainments, who have influenced the development of the Pacific Coast and spread abroad its fame. In the art world especially an unusually high standard has prevailed for a state so new. The time has come now, however, when we can no longer apologize for our work on the plea that our civilization is young, but must rigidly test all we do by world standards, independently of place or time. There is here a hope in our very isolation from the centers of creative thought and expression, for this comparative aloofness makes for independence. In the feverish activity of New York and Paris it is well nigh impossible to distinguish that which is ephemeral from that which is permanent. All are hurried toward the maelstrom of popular opinion. It is well nigh impossible under these conditions to view with any sense of proportion what is transpiring—to see the present with proper perspective.

Here in California the criticisms of the East hold good, but mediated by the individuality of the West. It is well that it is so, nor does this necessarily imply crudeness or provincialism. There has been much crudeness here, but there has also been vigor, vitality, life—the essence of all achievement. The wildness of the West has been tamed, and if there is less of culture here to-day than in Boston, what there is, is no different in quality.

I have no intention of writing a defense of the paintings of William Keith. His work needs no defense. So far as I know he has no enemies. But the question is not unnaturally asked at times: Why, if he be so great as his friends maintain, his work has not made more of a stir in the east? The explanation of this is not difficult. The immediate success of an artist, granting that he has merit, is to-day unfortunately largely dependent upon advertising. The advertising facilities of America are chiefly centered in New York, and Mr. Keith's work has never been systematically exploited there. He is too independent to care for this sort of thing, and accident has never brought him prominently to the front there.

But the final estimate of a man's worth is not dependent upon advertising. Time requires no posters to herald her verdict. She does not look at the bill-boards to see what is in vogue, but with busy fingers she sifts and washes away the sand, dropping it grain by grain into the river of Oblivion, and triumphantly holds in her hand the precious bits of gold. When the works of Keith come to the sifting there will be many nuggets found.

A picture cannot be translated into words. It must be seen, it must be felt, before it can be known. All that I can convey of Mr. Keith's landscapes to one who has not seen them is as a dim reflection in a muddy pool. As to their subject matter, it is generally simple enough—a few trees, preferably oaks, a foreground with perhaps a pool of water, a background of hills or mountains and the clouds above. But over this groundwork of fact he throws a veil of atmosphere, he breathes life into the grass and trees, he transforms the scene into a poem. The wind blows and the storm lowers, the earth is bursting into the tenderness of spring green or withering beneath the autumn sun, according to the painter's mood. He loves the splendor of the closing day and the soberness of the moonlight.

The freedom and lightness of touch in his work is a part of its charm. It is done with the sure and unhampered stroke of a master. There is no stiffness of brush work but a dash that bespeaks inspiration. It is the result of a loving study of nature through a lifetime, with adequate means at his command for expressing not merely what he has seen but what he has felt. It is subjective landscape, but nearly always regulated and tempered by the facts of nature.

It matters little what the East thinks of his work to-day. His triumph has been in making those around him see with his vision. He has taught the people of California to find the hidden beauties about them—not the startling, the spectacular scenes, but the quiet groves which are so full of spiritual beauty. His intensity and fervor have already borne fruit in showing men that often those scenes which are nearest are most full of charm, and that beauty cannot be gauged by the standard of size. His influence upon the work of the local painters is marked and increasing. There is something captivating and compelling about his style. It seems, indeed, the inevitable form in which California landscape should be expressed.

Some day America will awaken to a realization of the fact that a man of genius has been toiling for many years upon the Pacific Coast. His fame will grow with the years, and I have no fear in prophesying that some day he will be universally ranked among the greatest of landscape painters. It would be a fitting expression of appreciation if some of our citizens of means would erect a small gallery of stone either in San Francisco or Berkeley in which could be placed a series of his greatest pictures. It would be something more than a compliment to a great man—it would serve to perpetuate a message which the people of California cannot prize too dearly.



*FOR the most part the books here recorded receive special review elsewhere in this number. For completeness, however, additional entries are given of important works, making this a page of practical value.*

**Steevens, G. W.** From Cape Town to Ladysmith. 12mo. Cloth. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

**Stickney, Albert.** The Transvaal Outlook. 8vo. Cloth. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

**Sutherland, Howard V.** Bigg's Bar and Other Klondike Ballads. Post. 8vo. Cloth. Doxey's. \$1.25. *Announcement.*

**Griggs, Edward Howard.** The New Humanism. Studies in Personal and Social Development. 12mo. Cloth. New York, 1900. \$1.60 net.

**Hovey, Richard.** Along the Trail. A book of Lyrics. 12mo. Cloth. Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.50.

**Hovey, Richard.** Launcelot and Guenevere. A Poem in Dramas. 3 vols.: i. The Quest of Merlin. \$1.25. ii. The Marriage of Guenevere. \$1.50. iii. The Birth of Galahad. \$1.50. 12mo. Half vellum. Small, Maynard & Co. \$4.00. Sold separately.

**Fiske, John.** Discovery of America, 2 vols.; Old Virginia and Her Neighbors, 2 vols.; Beginnings of New England, 1 vol.; The Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America, 2 vols.; The American Revolution, 2 vols.; The Critical Period in American History, 1 vol. In all 10 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.00 each volume.

**Jones, Grace Llewellyn.** A Historic Fantasy of Venice. With many illustrations. 1 vol. Square 12mo. Limp parchment. Venetia, Ferd. Ongania. Imported by Elder and Shepard. \$1.50 net.

### *New Fiction.*

**Sage, William.** Robert Tournay. Illustrated. Crown 8vo. Cloth. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

A romance of the French Revolution, with Robespierre, General Hoche and other historical characters.

**Embrere, Charles F.** A Dream of a Throne. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.50. Little, Brown & Co.

A powerful and highly dramatic romance, dealing with a popular Mexican uprising half a century ago.

**Tolsto, Leo.** Resurrection. Authorized English translation by Mrs. Louise Maude. Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

*Resurrection* is the only long novel written by Count Tolstoy since *Anna Karenina*. Its most dramatic, vivid and realistic in its study and delineation of Russian life of the present day.

**Wharton, Edith.** The Touchstone. 12mo. Cloth. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

A very brilliant short novel by the author of *The Greater Inclination*.

**Hope, Anthony.** Captain Dieppe. Small 12mo. Cloth. Doubleday & McClure Co. 50 cents.

**Zack.** On Trial. 12mo. Cloth. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

**Rogers, Anna A.** Sweethearts and Wives. (The Ivory Series.) 16mo. Cloth. Chas. Scribner's Sons. 75 cents.

### *Recent Biographies.*

**The Kendals.** A Biography. By T. Edgar Pemberton. Illustrated. 8vo. Cloth. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$3.00.

This is the story chiefly of the professional life of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, written by one who has known them intimately for many years.

**Stevenson.** A Literary Monograph. By L. Cope Cornford. 12mo. Cloth. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.

The author is well qualified to speak on Stevenson, and has treated him from a view refreshingly new.

**Abraham Lincoln, The Life of.** Drawn from original sources and containing many speeches, letters and telegrams hitherto unpublished. By Ida M. Tarbell. 2 vols. Illustrated. 8vo. Cloth. The Doubleday & McClure Co. \$5. This is an elaboration of the work serially published. It is an intimate and exceedingly important contribution to the subject.

**William Blakepeace Thackeray, The Life of.** By Lewis Melville. With portraits and illustrations. 2 vols. 8vo. Cloth. H. S. Stone & Co. \$7.50.

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**Wellington, The Life of.** By Sir Herbert Maxwell. With maps, battle plans and photogravures. 2 vols. 8vo. Cloth. Imported by Little, Brown & Co. \$11.00.

This important work is with special references to the military life of Wellington. The sub title, "The Restoration of the Martial Power of Great Britain," indicates the character.

**Sullivan, Sir Arthur.** Life story, letters and reminiscences. By Arthur Lawrence, with critique by B. W. Findon and biography by Wilfred Bendall. Illustrated. 8vo. Cloth. H. S. Stone & Co. \$3.50.

### *Miscellaneous.*

**Prior, Edward S.** A History of Gothic Art in England. With illustrations by Gerald C. Horsley and many diagrams. Large 8vo. Buckram. Imported by the Macmillan Company. \$10 net.

**Giddings, Franklin Henry.** Democracy and Empire, with Studies of their Psychological, Economical and Moral Foundations. 8vo. Buckram. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

**Spielmann, M. H.** The hitherto unidentified contributions of W. M. Thackeray to *Punch*, with a complete and authoritative bibliography from 1843 to 1848. Numerous illustrations. 8vo. Cloth. Harper & Bros. \$1.75.

**Santayana, George.** Interpretations of Poetry and Religion. 12mo. Cloth. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

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Child.—I don't see why I should have to, I got here first.

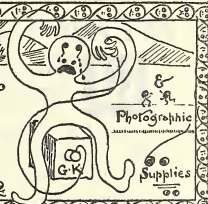
?

Nurse.—Don't eat any more of that green apple, boy. You're *sure* to have a stomach-ache.

Boy.—I don't care; I'll take out the fiddle then.

Nurse.—You haven't got a *fiddle* inside of you, boy.

Boy.—Well, if it isn't a *fiddle* it's an *organ*,—mother says it is.



MY HEAD WENT SPINNING ROUND AND ROUND,  
MY EYES THEY LIT UPON THE GROUND  
BUT FINDING NOTHING THERE TO SEE  
THEY BOTH CAME RUNNING BACK TO ME!  
THEY SAID, "O DEAR, WE'RE ACHING SO  
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IN THE New York *Nation* recently appeared the following, of interest to California: "Mr. Charles A. Keeler's *Bird Notes Afeld* (San Francisco: Elder & Shepard) is a collection of thirteen popular essays on the birds of California, followed by an appendix containing a 'key' to the land birds of California, and brief descriptions of the 204 species here formally treated. During the last five or six years we have had popular bird books galore, treating of the birds of the eastern United States as a whole, or of some particular sections of them, each after its own kind, mostly good and some excellent, and each, no doubt, filling its niche in a 'long-felt want.' But Mr. Keeler's is the first book of

this kind relating to any part of the Pacific Coast region, and is in its way most excellent. The style is graceful, and the author writes because he has something to say. He is not only a bird-lover, but a full-fledged ornithologist, and his charming descriptions of bird-life in nature are tempered with accuracy of statement. His opening essay, 'A First Glance at the Birds,' is a delightful presentation of the general features of the bird fauna of California, while the other essays relate to special seasons or localities, as 'A Trip to the Farallones,' 'A Day on the Bay Shore,' 'March in the Pine Woods,' etc., and are each of unusual merit and interest, as regards both their ornithology and their literary style. The 'key' and descriptive list forming the appendix should be a welcome aid to those who 'wish an introduction' to the 'familiar birds in their native haunts' of the State of California."

*The Condor*, the leading California magazine of ornithology, gave recently a half-page review to Mr. Keeler's book, in which it says: "The volume with its key, completes one of the ablest initiatory works on California birds that has been given to the public, and those who are seeking a work of this scope will not be slow in according Mr. Keeler's book the recognition it easily merits."

Published by Elder and Shepard, San Francisco. Price, \$1.50 net, post-paid.

### AN OPPORTUNITY.

*From the second to the twentieth of April the following important books, while remaining in stock, will be sold at the reduced prices mentioned. The reductions are not made because the books are in any sense undesirable, but merely to reduce an over stock.*

THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS. By John Foreman, F. R. G. S. *The most important work on the subject.* Revised edition. \$5.00, for \$3.75. Postage 30 cents.

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THREE 1899 REFERENCE BOOKS at half price: Whitaker's Almanac, \$1.25, for 65 cents; postage 20 cents. The Statesman's Year Book, \$3.00, for \$1.50; postage 35 cents. Who's Who, \$1.75, for 90 cents; postage 20 cents.

STALKY & CO. By Rudyard Kipling. \$1.50, for 95 cents. Postage 20 cents.

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## THE OLD BOOK ROOM

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**Jones' British Theater.** Illustrated with many fine copper engravings. 9 vols. Post 8vo. Old full calf. London, 1795. \$13.50.

**The Koran.** Translated by George Sale, Gent. Illustrated with plates and charts. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. Old full calf. London, 1801. \$7.25.

**The Works of Sir George Etherege.** Containing his plays and poems. First edition. Crown 8vo. Old full calf. London, 1704. \$7.50.

**Douglas Jerrold.** The Bradbury and Evans' collected edition of his writings. 8 vols. Post 8vo. New half calf. London, 1851. \$25.00.

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**Le Sage.** The Adventures of Gil Blas of Santillana. Translated by T. Smollett. With elegant engravings. 3 vols. 8vo. Old diamond calf. London, 1819. \$12.50.

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**Ellis, Alexander J.** On Early English Pronunciation. With especial reference to Shakespeare and Chaucer. 4 vols. 8vo. Old half calf. London, 1869. \$17.50.

**Smiles, Samuel.** Lives of the Engineers. Murray's library edition. 4 vols. 8vo. Old full calf. London, 1812. \$12.50.

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## NOVELS OF ADVENTURE



## Primavera.

BY JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.



HIS little book was written by four friends, three of them undergraduates at Oxford, and all of them penetrated with the spirit of the higher culture of our time. The poems, it is clear, have been carefully selected; and, it is probable, have been diligently polished. There is not one which is not remarkable for delicacy of style and conscious aiming after excellence in art. Whether these qualities promise well for future achievement and development is a question open to debate. But there can be no doubt that in *Primavera* we possess another of those tiny verse-books like *Ionica*, or Mr. Percy Pinkerton's *Galeazzo*, which will not lose in freshness and in perfume as the years go by.

The poems have the distinction of making one wish to be acquainted with their authors. Though they differ a good deal in mental tone, perhaps also somewhat in literary merit, they possess marked common characteristics: a restrained refinement, a subdued reserve, a gentle melancholy; the note of the latest Anglican esthetic school. We find no humor, no *Sturm und Drang*, no inequalities and incoherences of passion. Even where it is obvious that the emotion has been intense, possibly of a rare and peculiar strain, as in Mr. Binyon's "Testamentum Amoris," and Mr. Phillips' "To a Lost Love," the expression of it obeys no violence of impulse. \* \* \* \*

It would be invidious to institute critical comparisons between the styles of these four friends and their respective merits. It may, however, be remarked that Mr. Manmohan Ghose's work possesses a peculiar interest on account of its really notable command of the subtleties of English prosody and diction, combined with just a touch of foreign feeling. The artful employment of imperfect rhymes in "Raymond and Ida" illustrates what I mean. Occasionally, too, Mr. Ghose produces exactly the right phrase by means of a felicitous simplicity. Notice the line which I have italicised in the following stanza:

" In the deep West the heavens grow heavenlier,  
Eve after eve; and still  
*The glorious stars remember to appear;*  
The roses on the hill  
Are fragrant as before;  
Only thy face, of all that's dear,  
I shall see nevermore!"

Take, again, these two lines:

" Forget the shining of the stars, forget  
The vernal visitation of the rose."

There is but one piece of blank verse in the book. This prologue to "Orestes," by Mr. Stephen Phillips, has strength, is firm in outline, somewhat tardy in movement, fit for sonorous declamation. The gravity which I have indicated as a ruling quality of all these youthful compositions makes itself felt here in its proper place. We might have wished, perhaps, for more of joyous accent in the ode to "Youth," by Mr. Laurence Binyon, which dwells less on the rapture of youth than on its sadness—the melancholy of Theognis over youth's decay:

" O bright new-comer, filled with thoughts of joy,  
Joy to be thine amid these pleasant plains,  
Know'st thou not, child, what surely coming pains  
Await thee, for that eager heart's annoy?  
Misunderstanding, disappointment, tears,  
Wronged love, spoiled hope, mistrust and ageing fears,  
Eternal longing for one perfect friend,  
And unavailing wishes without end?"

Mr. Cripps alone permits his Muse a gravely jocund note in his "Season's Com-

fort." He, too, of the four fellow-versifiers, shows the greater aptitude for experiments, though it may, perhaps, be felt that his touch is nowhere quite so sure, nor his artistic feeling so direct as theirs.

It is difficult to lay the critic's hand lightly enough upon poems like these, or to make it clear what particular attraction they possess. With all the charm of rath spring-flowers, they suggest the possibilities of varied personality not yet accentuated in the authors. Let us hope that the four Muses of the four friends will not, like the primroses,

"die unmarried ere they can behold  
Bright Phoebus in his strength,"

but that we shall profit by their summer-songs, while ever remaining grateful for their *Primavera*.

*The above was first printed in the "Academy" for August 9, 1890, in criticism of the original edition of "Primavera," and has now very appropriately been reprinted as the preface to Mr. Mosher's reissue. This, being done by Mr. Mosher, it is idle to say, is a beautiful and exquisite piece of bookmaking. As was remarked the other day by a gentleman in somewhat involuntary tribute: "Well, Mr. Mosher has good taste,"—a very brief but final summary.*

*Messrs. Elder and Shepard have accepted the sole agency in California from Mr. Mosher, and will be pleased to send a catalogue of his publications in "belles lettres," upon request.*



AMONA, the famous and most loved romance of Southern California, is at last to have a beautiful and fitting edition. As the story runs, the artist, Mr. Henry Sandham, visited California with Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson at the time she was accumulating her materials for the book; he made his first sketches upon the scene of the story, with Mrs. Jackson close at hand to aid with suggestion and inspiration. From these sketches, Mr. Sandham has recently developed the completed paintings which will be used in illustration of the present edition. For a short time the originals will be on exhibition at Messrs. Elder and Shepard's.

This special edition, to appear in the fall, will be limited to five hundred numbered copies; with beautiful paper and printing, proof illustrations in photogravure and water color, and sumptuous binding, it will have all the elements prized by lovers of rare editions. Messrs. Elder and Shepard will be glad to reserve copies for those wishing to secure them, for delivery in the fall. There are to be two volumes, 8vo, \$15 net.

A rare collection of the beautiful bindings of The Guild of Women-Binders, of London, is now on exhibition at their San Francisco office, 238 Post Street. The Guild includes among its members all the more prominent and successful workers in England, Scotland and Ireland. Their binding is of the highest technical skill, combining grace in execution with originality of conception.

The *monastic binding* is a style that they have revived very successfully, being an undressed morocco embossed by hand (specially suited for early printed books and church services). The *niger binding* is a new and very beautiful venetian-red morocco from the Niger territories, executed in embossed designs or in conventional gold tooling. The display includes examples of these styles and specimens of their work in calf, morocco and levant leathers, showing the variety of the styles of decoration—designs in inlaid leathers, gold and blind tooling and embossing.

Associated with the work of The Guild is a young artist, Miss Gloria Cardew, who has developed a field of special interest and beauty. A detail of her work, which is represented in the collection, is the coloring by hand of the illustrations of different volumes, done with rare judgment and delicacy.

# PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS



THIS is not the voice of the sentimentalist alone that is raised in protest against the ruthless slaying of our animals and birds—the scientist and naturalist give their word of warning as earnestly and as often as he who goes to nature, simply and with love in his heart, to know and learn from the wild life of the forests. It was only because of the threatened extinction of many species that the establishment of the National Zoo at Washington was finally forced by our scientists through an unwilling Congress. A very interesting account of its purpose and value was given in a recent number of the *Century*, by Ernest Seton-Thompson. It will be remembered that Mr. Thompson's reputation as a naturalist was acknowledged long before the somewhat overshadowing success of his recent literary work, and, as all are aware who have read *Wild Animals I Have Known* and *The Trail of the Sandhill Stag*, he is most earnestly in sympathy with the movement to protect our wild creatures. The same protest appears frequently in all nature literature; our own ornithologist, Mr. Keeler, has often been heard from, most recently in *Bird Notes Afield*; and in Mr. De Kay's *Bird Gods in Ancient Europe*, treating of a subject which would not seem to call it forth, the protest is again made.

*Bird Gods*, by Charles de Kay, is an exceedingly delightful and entertaining volume, attempting to trace in the mythology and folklore of ancient Europe the presence of bird worship, following the traces of certain birds—the eagle, the swan, the woodpecker, the cuckoo, the owl, the peacock, the dove, and trying to show how their peculiarities and habits, observed by primitive man, have laid the foundation for certain elements in various religions and legends. In sketching the development of his theories, the author says: "Why, I asked myself, should certain birds have been allotted to certain gods and goddesses in Greek and Roman mythology? Why should the eagle go with Zeus, the peacock with Hera, the dove with Venus, the swan with Apollo, the woodpecker with Ares, the owl with Pallas Athene? It could not be mere chance that so many gods and goddesses had each their attendant bird; the attribution was too regular; it was done too much on a system. What was the original meaning of it all?" Making a study of the birds before mentioned, one by one, Mr. De Kay follows the subject very ingeniously and convincingly. But apart from the birds of long ago, a great charm of the book lies in the seemingly unconscious but frequently recurring glimpses of the author's observations of the birds of to-day. The chapter on the cuckoo, because of the peculiar traits of the bird, is interesting from this point of view, and the following bit about the woodpecker is very characteristic of the style:

"Not many miles from Berlin I was lying in a grove with my back propped against an oak, when I heard a laugh, a quick, cackling laugh overhead; I knew at once it was a woodpecker. I could hear through the back of my head how his claws rattled against the bark as he made his way up the trunk and along the larger branches; my mind's eye was aware how his amazing little serpent of a tongue was darting through dark, involved burrows deep in the wood to ferret out grubs and beetles. Presently he came in sight on an overhanging limb. He scuttled along below the branch like a fly on a ceiling. Brave in his blood-red hood and mottled back, he turned his bright red eye sharply this way and that. Suddenly he laughed again; an echo seemed to return it. Then he paused. Had he caught sight of me and recognized man, the universal policeman, tyrant, murderer? At any rate he moved on. In short rapid ups and downs of flight he made for a dead tree across the glade and slipped round the trunk to peep at me from the other side. \* \* \* In some way that I could not make out he was using the branch as a drum and rolling out a peal that must have been heard a mile. Since then I have learned from better, more patient observers how the woodpecker accomplishes his martial music. By quick, vigorous blows of his beak the dead branch is set in vibration; then he lays his hollow beak against the vibrating wood to add resonance to the peal. A true performer on the xylophone, he varies his drumming by springing from one branch to another and thus gets a change of note."

With such simple experiences and pure delights one can well understand the warmth

---

The League of American Sportsmen has been organized to secure the enactment of more stringent general laws in protection of game; to see that lawlessness is punished; to discourage game slaughter; and to protect the wild creatures that still remain. The work of the League is supported by the membership dues. There is no initiation fee. The annual dues are \$1.00. The editors of *PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS* will be glad to receive and forward applications for membership and dues.

with which he champions their cause. That his words may extend their influence, we quote the following :

"The sordid men who swept from North America the buffalo, the gentlemen who brag of moose and elephants slain, the ladies who demand birds for their hats and will not be denied, the boys who torture poor feathered singers and destroy their nests, are more ruthless than the primeval barbarians. The latter stayed their hands at times through religious scruples, even though their stomachs might be empty. The marvelous tales of the share birds have had in the making of myth, religion, poetry and legend may help somewhat to soften these flinty hearts and induce men to establish and carry out laws to protect especially the birds. Unless this is done, and done speedily, the whole earth will soon become a desert without melody, given over to the insect world like some lands about the Mediterranean, where no wild animal can exist and no gracious bird dares to raise its cheering song."

D. P. E.



IN the *Biography of a Grizzly*, Seton-Thompson gives us another animal character to think over and remember. He tells this story, as he tells all his stories, with the touch of perfect sympathy, accurate knowledge and a clean imagination. "Warb" stands out before us a creature of marked personality, and one whose qualities of rude strength make him fearfully real. We are touched to tears of sympathy by the picture of "Warb's" terror-filled childhood; we grow to the beginning of fear during his days of developing might, and we are hushed to a discreet silence and seek a safe hiding-place in the times of his fearful reign. He is so much of a character that we speak of a Grizzly, and think of Mr. Thompson's old terror. Every haunt of the great bear is described with such clearness and simplicity that the places marked by his tracks lie before us entirely known; each humble landmark is a familiar spot, and the trails leading to "Warb's" best feeding-place we will never miss, such is the power of Seton-Thompson's pen. So much for the virtues of this book. Weakness lies in the final chapters, where the author seems to have no clear view of "Warb." We lose our awe-filled memories of the Monarch in dimly discerning through these later misty days the worn-out, fear-stricken creature. We try to pity, but end with contempt. We resent, with sadness in our hearts, yielding our first respect of "Warb" to our final conviction that he died a *coward*—his end was not worthy of his life. The art in this fine picture is marred by this last touch.

The dress of the book is perfect; each page shows the author's personal care and love. No detail is omitted which might give a feeling of completeness. Mr. Thompson can write a book and give it to the reader in a form worthy of the tale it tells.

M. S.

#### AN HISTORIC FANTASY OF VENICE.



DAINTY booklet has come from over the seas, printed on a delicate paper which has the stamp of a Venetian printer (Ferd. Organia) and bound in that creamy vellum which grows yellow and crinkled with time. It is filled with soft-toned illustrations, copies of paintings and engravings—mostly the latter—bearing upon a story of Venice charmingly told.

The writer is Grace Llewellyn Jones, a California girl, graduate of Bryn Maur, and a student abroad. For the past few years she has been living in one or another of the Italian cities, under the spell of that enchantment found only in Italy, "the home of all art loves and nature can decree." Libraries and museums with their treasures of engravings and manuscripts have been open to her, whence she has drawn many a forgotten or overlooked relic of the storied past. Her pen skims through our English as a gondola through the water, turning up a foam of Italian words and phrases, objectionable only when the context does not permit us to understand their meaning, but giving an unmistakable foreign charm to the chapters.

We shall be greatly disappointed if this little book is not the beginning of a series which shall aid us to a better understanding of those wonderful centuries with which our present civilization is so closely interwoven. For this Fantasy possesses the glamour of the marvelous city of which it treats, that mysterious something which no one can describe in

words and only the finest color-artist can effectively portray—the beauty of a sea city, rising like a vision from her silent lagoons, falling into decay,—as we know,—and yet filling one who gazes upon her with the very wine of her youth.

The book opens and ends with the coming of the young German Emperor, en route to the Holy Land, in 1898, and the beauty of the pageant on the “waterway of sea palaces” has brought before the mind’s eye of the student the series of pictures that are drawn with youthful enthusiasm and bright coloring on the softly tinted pages.

Caterina Conaro, Queen of Cyprus, the daughter of a strange and romantic destiny, lives here before the reader as she lives in the paintings of Venetian masters; the Bucentaur, in its “matchless fantastic beauty,” comes before us from the mists of the Lido, where the marriage of the city with the sea has been solemnized,—the Bucentaur, with its heavy carvings rich with gilding and splendid with hangings of crimson and gold, with its one hundred and sixty-eight oarsmen; popes, emperors, doges, and a luxury loving people are here. There is no song that is not glad, no coloring that is somber. It carries us back to the time when the Winged Lion ruled o’er Venice and her hundred isles, when the city was the Bride of the Adriatic and the gateway to the Orient, when

“Her daughters had their dowers  
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East  
Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.”

H. S. D.



COUNT TOLSTOY’S latest novel, *Resurrection*, is sincere preaching; but it is neither great art nor great literature. As an exposition of the arbitrary injustice of Russian courts and the frightful squalor of Russian jails, it is certainly effective; and if Dmitri Nekliudoff represents to the author the typical Russian nobleman, it is small cause for wonder that he asks us to believe that whatever is, is wrong. But his air of having proprietary rights to the discovery that selfishness and debauchery are vile, and that sacrifice and clean living are noble, taxes the loyalty of even an ardent follower. In *My Religion*, the tone was the same—that

of “a voice crying in the wilderness”; and there is something pharisaical in it all—“That I am not as these others.” There is one virtue that exists only in seeming in Count Tolstoy’s later life and work. He has not the humility that becomes the converted sinner; neither had Paul of Tarsus, another great convert, but he had instead the clarion call of steadfastness and the dignity of pride that alone can silence comment.

Tolstoy had all the endowments of one of the greatest novelists of modern times, but he put them all aside as childish things. He asked us to forget the story teller in the prophet; and the novel is to him now only a vehicle for the portage of a moral. Who can remember the simple grace of *Childhood*, *Boyhood and Youth*, the martial strength and buoyant freedom of *The Cossacks*, and the deep humanity of *Anna Karenina* without a painful regret that so great a workman has laid aside forever the tools of his craft to pursue a will-o-the-wisp of reform and cobble the shoes of his neighbor in the intervals of sermon writing?

*Resurrection* is all too faithfully translated by Mrs. Maude. One wishes that she had been less faithful and more discreet. “Comparisons are odorous”—but Isabel Hapgood would have spared us many a paragraph that Mrs. Maude has rendered in all its pristine impurity of style and sentiment. *Resurrection* is a book for the few. It will be read by the many, and, like Emile Zola’s equally earnest but misguided *L’Assommoir*, it will do the general public more harm than good.

MARY MORROW.





## THE POEMS OF STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

BY HORACE G. PLATT



STEPHEN PHILLIPS is a comparatively new poet. To most readers in America he first became known by his volume of poems containing *Marpessa*. We had not watched his growth nor seen his rapid upward flight. Like a meteor, first visible at its meridian, he disclosed his brilliancy at its brightest.

The story of *Marpessa* is an old one, in which Zeus gives a Greek maiden her choice between Apollo and a Greek youth. Phillips wisely chose this legend for his first great effort. In the telling, he is human in his tenderness, inspired in his lofty flights.

The most beautiful lines that poet ever wrote of woman are those in *Ferdinand's* tribute to *Miranda*, beginning, "Admired *Miranda*, indeed the top of admiration." Since Shakespeare wrote this, nothing comparable has been written in prose or poetry along this line except the following, wherein Apollo thus addresses *Marpessa*:

"Thy life has been  
The history of a flower in the air,  
Liable but to breezes and to time,  
As rich and purposeless as is the rose:  
Thy simple doom is to be beautiful."

Apollo attempts to frighten her from an earthly love, and thus pictures the death of human passion. He says:

"Child, wilt thou taste of grief? On thee the hours  
Shall feed, and bring thy soul into the dusk:  
Even now thy face is hastening to the dark!  
For slowly thou shalt cool to all things great,  
And wisely smile at love; and thou shalt see  
Beautiful Faith surrendering to Time,  
The fierce ingratitude of children loved,  
Ah, sting of stings! A mourner shalt thou stand  
At Passion's funeral in decent garb.  
The greenly silent and cool-growing night  
Shall be the time when most thou art awake,  
With dreary eyes of all illusion cured,  
Beside that stranger that thy husband is."

In this short passage the poet epitomized in lines that almost sear the soul the so frequent dying out of life's supremest hope and faith. Then, as if to surprise her into acceptance, Apollo pictures to her what her future would be as his wife, and tries to tempt her by a relation of its endless and measureless delights. He says:

"But if thou'lt live with me, then will I kiss  
Warm immortality into thy lips;  
And I will carry thee above the world,  
To share my ecstasy of flinging beams,  
And scattering without intermission joy.  
And thou shalt know that first leap of the sea  
Towards me; the grateful upward look of earth,  
Emerging roseate from her bath of dew,  
We two in heaven dancing."

In answer to this, *Idas*, the peasant, went straight to the girl's heart with a plea that offered naught but love.



"Thou meanest what the sea has striven to say  
 So long, and yearned up the cliffs to tell;  
 Thou art what all the winds have uttered not,  
 What the still night suggesteth to the heart;  
 Thy voice is like to music heard ere birth  
 Some spirit lute touched on a spirit sea;  
 Thy face remembered is from other worlds,  
 It has been died for, though I know not when,  
 It has been sung of, though I know not where,  
 It has the strangeness of the luring West,  
 And of the sad sea horizons; 'beside thee  
 I am aware of other times and lands  
 Of birth far back, of lives in many stars.  
 O, beauty lone and like a candle clear  
 In this dark country of the world! Thou art  
 My woe, my early light, my music dying."

Marpessa chose Idas, and to Apollo said :

"Thou speak'st of joy,  
 Of immortality, without one sigh,  
 Existence without tears forevermore.  
 Thou would'st preserve me from the anguish, lest  
 This holy face into the dark return.  
 Yet I being human, human sorrow miss.  
 The half of music, I have heard men say,  
 Is to have grieved."

The remainder of the poem is difficult to describe by quotations, because it is all so beautiful. One wants to memorize every line.

Marpessa tells Apollo that as his wife she would grow old alone, he forever young ; but she and Idas would grow old together.

"Then though we must grow old, we shall grow old  
 Together, and he shall not greatly miss  
 My bloom faded, and waning light of eyes,  
 Too deeply gazed in ever to seem dim."

I cannot bring these quotations to an end without including the lines wherein Marpessa showed that, like other women, she, too, wished the rejected lover to remain her admirer, and thus she spoke :

"And thou, beautiful god, in that far time,  
 When in thy setting sweet thou gazest down  
 On this gray head, wilt thou remember then  
 That once I pleased thee, that I once was young?"

From *Marpessa* to *Paolo and Francesca* Phillips made a decided advance in power. "Marpessa" is a summer idyl, with an atmosphere of love and youth ; a story of Beauty without the Beast. "Paolo and Francesca" is a tragedy, across whose every line falls the mingled shadows of love and youth and age and death. In this, his late work, Phillips has taken rank above any other poet of the century as a dramatic writer.

*The conclusion of this article being an estimate of "Paolo and Francesca," will appear in the June number of PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS.*

## Some Adventures of Frank the Bay Horse, and Barbara the Girl.



name is Frank. I am a horse. I have had seven years of man's time, but eighty-four as we count, which is by the times of a new moon's coming. So boys and girls will see that I am old. I know many things, and have wonderful wisdom. If men would but let me, I could show how wise I am, but they insist upon thinking that I am foolish and cannot think for myself: that is because from the beginning of the days in Horsedom, men did not understand us, and got us into bad habits—they put bits into our mouths, they used reins to steer us with, and whips to drive us faster and faster; so my family has become stupid. We need men to guide us, to drive us, and they beat us with stinging whips upon our bare backs when we don't please them. In

the beginning, if they had only *talked* to us, to teach us the way, and *told* us things to do, you would see us going around like dogs, everywhere we wanted to; you could whistle or call, and we would come; you could put us to a wagon and say: "Go to town—trot—gallop," and we would do it. Some time I will tell you all about this matter—but now I have an adventure to tell you.

One green, sweet-smelling day I stood under a tree, thinking. I was in a field with a fence about it. I had eaten a good deal; it was spring, and stuff was easy to get, juicy and full of different tastes. So I rested in the good shade thinking of many things I loved and of none I hated. A little brown bird jumped and chirped in the tree above, the wind went cool and soft among the boughs and the singing bugs kept singing. I was sleepy. Barbara came to me—she is the one I love most of all the children; we have secrets. She whispered in my ear. I pretended to be asleep, for I like to have her dear little arms around my neck and her lips close to my ear. (My head was low down, so she could reach.) She said to me: "I am a fairy, and we will *do* things, you and I. Your hoofs shall be cat's *paws*, your *tail* shall be like Jay's (the dog), you shall have a long mane on both sides of your neck, soft and bright, like my hair, and a forelock down to your very nose, and it shall be red, white and black. I will braid it. You shall *mew* like a *cat*, *bark* like a *dog*, *low* like a *cow*, but in every other way you shall be a Horse." While Barbara was saying this it all happened, and I felt queer. I thought I would try my tail, so I did. Then I knew what a "wag" was like, but I could not help wondering how I should "shoo" the flies away. Then I *barked*. Thinking I heard a dog, I went scratching up the tree; then I knew how it felt to be a *cat*, but I seemed too big to stay up there, so I jumped down with my legs far apart, *flump* on the ground. Now, as I was all these things in one, I thought I'd have some fun, so I yowled, and I growled, and barked, and lowed, and neighed, and snorted all in turn, and all at once to see how it would go—first thing I knew everybody was there about me—Boy, Betsey, Joe, Jay the dog, Jerry the cat, Dommick the rooster, and the Man. Barbara was on my back; she made my long mane into reins. Oh! but weren't they all surprised; you should have seen them look. Boy said "Golly," Betsey said "Oh!" Joe said nothing but looked at my *paws*, Jay barked 'til he caught sight of my tail, then he wagged *his*; Jerry said "m-e-o-w" and swarmed up the tree with a big tail, and his voice rumbled up there. Dommick drew himself up with great pride, scratched around in a circle with his left wing stiff and scraping the ground. Then he started crowing, but when he got "cocker" crowed he became scared, and forgot the "doodle-do," and he rushed, fast as he could go, behind the barn; I think he felt that I might do queer and dangerous things, and it might be just as well to be away. Roosters are peculiar; they change their minds before you know it. The man said, "Let's have some fun," clapping his hands with a pop. So off I ran, Barbara on my back. I jumped the fence without touching it; I ran through the barnyard, and scared the chickens most to death, all the more because my *paws* made no noise. I climbed the side of the barn way up to the weather-vane, and Barbara made the wind come from all directions. When she had tied her hair ribbon around the rooster's neck, I scampered down the other side, all the time barking, and lowing, and yowling, and neighing, sometimes separately, sometimes mixed up. I scratched

everything I could lay my paws upon; the feeling of paws was so new and pleasant. But all the time I wagged my tail, which was fun, too. We then went to the orchard and into the very top of a big apple tree, and both of us ate apples up there. After that we stole quietly to the house, into the front door, and up-stairs to the garret; there I tried to catch a mouse, but I couldn't get behind trunks. Barbara dressed up in a blue satin gown and put a gold crown on her head. We heard the children and Jay and the Man coming, so we hurried down-stairs through the kitchen (where I took some sugar) and out of doors again. Everybody was after us. I turned upon them all and made believe I was fierce, for I growled, barked, lowed, yowled, neighed, snorted all at once, and clawed the ground, and lashed out with my paws, so they all got out of the way. Barbara said "Catch us if you can," and *away* we flew, over meadows, and bridges, through clover fields and sweet woods, along brown roads and narrow green lanes, up hill and down, faster and faster. The wind went by both sides of us. Barbara's bright hair waved out behind like sunlight running in a stream. We went on and on to the land by the sky. We stopped, for we came up against the blue wall. I became a *real horse* again, and very tired. The sun went down. Barbara led me home by a blue ribbon. Her crown was crooked. Her hair hung limp. The satin gown bothered her, so we came home in the last light of the sun.

DEAR MR. ———: You always say to write to you about some *new* book I have read. If you want me to do that you had better give me one each month; maybe I'll read it if it is good. I don't spend my money for books; there are lots of other ways to spend my money. Mother buys my books most generally; I'm glad she does, for I enjoy them just as much as if I bought them, and then I have more money left to spend as I want to. I haven't read to myself at all this month. Mother has read to me from a book she says is good to *read aloud* to us, but not good for us to read to ourselves. Maybe there are parts in the book that are "too old;" she knows how to "skip," but still make the reading sound all right (that's smart; I love my mother because she's *smart*). The name of the book is "The Well at the World's End." I never knew such a fine book of that kind; it is all about a young knight having adventures. When it is read to me, I wonder how the writer can make everything so plain and simple; each page is a new picture (I call it a word picture-book). It is all about dark forests, full of doubt and fear, sunny plains with fierce shining robber-knights riding across, lots of spears and helmets sparkling in the bushes, dark rivers, desert wastes, rocky gorges, "fell blows" and "doughty strokes," (I love these things), though the book seems full of strange words which I do not understand; they just fit the meaning of things. When I write a book I will do it in that way. I read in a magazine the other day that Setson-Thompson is writing a play for children, in which they are to take the parts of the animals in his book. I should think that would be fine. Why don't you write to him and get it? I'll act for you; I'll be any animal you want me to, for I know how animals feel since I read his book, so I could act just right. Send me a new book Mr. ———, and I'll write about it. I've spent all my money for rubber bands and buckshot.

Yours truly,

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*Do not send stories longer than the Horse story in this number.*

## A Woman's Hand in Bookbinding.



HAVE before me a perfectly bound book. The title matters not—it shows the acme of mechanical skill, sincerity of purpose, the embodiment of taste and refinement, a completeness of generous thought and a full measure of Love. This exquisite structure was built by a WOMAN. It is the expression in craft of Heart, Mind and Finger deftness. Few there are that read, acquire, or look at books, who for a moment realize what a complete thing a well-bound book is; they do not stop to think, or if they do, the thought goes no deeper than the outside, where the gilt and color are. Surface beauty but vaguely suggests the book's full purpose, so the poor *misunderstood* has its virtue and its charm for its own sake, and a few others who do know or feel. Is its mission fulfilled? These words are to be no treatise upon bookbinding, but merely a tribute to a noble craft, a sincere homage to a Woman who can think and execute, and an acknowledgment to her great fitness. Down at the very foundation of "folding" the sheets of some artist's thought she feels the spell of its influence, because of her sensitiveness and understanding. Each "section" I know she reads. She never binds a book she does not love, or which is not loved by someone for a good reason. How could she? Her heart would not flood her mind with sympathy, and her mind could not reach down to her finger-tips to guide her to perfect execution. So in the "folding" her skill and accuracy begin. Then she "sews" the thought she has molded into the best form—her hand has the finest deftness for this stage of the structure's rearing—she knows most of the strength, cleanness, size and quality of the linen thread she uses; she understands at once the "kettle stitch," the perfect distances about the "bands"; she has the strength and skill to make every stitch firm, for durability, but lax enough for ease and pliability. Even now the book has taken form and is an interesting thing to look upon. This much seems abundant in delicacy and dignity, but the work goes on—she "backs" her treasure. This period of development is beset with snares. To meet and overcome them she is all watchful, quick, accurate, delicate of touch, nimble with her fingers, keen, alive and determined—these qualities have mastered empires and now they help to bind a little book. She is wilful, but loving. The book is now a shorn and appealing creation, awaiting decoration and much in need of "finishing." All its virtue and goodness are there, but it yearns for beauty. Difficulties increase; the "forwarding" is done and the "finishing" begins—here the Woman gathers the best in her for the final work of completing the perfect book. Boards are cut for the covers with absolute accuracy, a hair's width of error would spoil the whole, but a Woman's exactness assures a perfect result. This quality is often called "fussiness." Then she selects her leather, and does it with understanding, for she knows the artist's thoughts and has long known the color of them. So she chooses the shade, and never loses her skill and gentleness in the manipulation of the pliable skin. The book at this point is rare, but is not finished. "Tooling" a book is the placing of a diadem of glory upon it, the last touch of skill, a soul to make it a living monument of personal expression. The design she tools upon the leather with the purest gold should be her own; if it is not she chooses an outside decoration which harmoniously suggests the inside motive. It is not for me here to tell of this wonderfully interesting work of completion; a few words cannot convey an idea of all that is done. I hope only to kindle a flame of respect. So before me stands completed a perfectly bound book, "folded" truly, "sewed" with skill, judgment and strength, "backed" with determination and will, "covered" with taste, sympathy and gentle force, and "finished" with accuracy, patience and Love. All this is enough to stand for the best in human nature. The book radiates with the qualities of the Woman whose Heart and Mind have made it. Is not the noble craft of bookbinding an abundant field for all that is good in Woman or Man? And will it not afford plenteous opportunity for individual expression? Could there be a more delightful work, where there is ever the chance to speak from the heart out of our Hands, and to put into harmonious and sympathetic setting the *pictures of the Mind*?

M. S.

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—LORD HOUGHTON.

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Room

The  
Children's  
Room

The  
Art Room  
...

D.P. Elder &  
Morgan Shepard  
PUBLISHERS  
San Francisco.



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The publishers will be glad to have subscribers send them the addresses of such of their friends as would be interested in receiving sample copies. The magazine will be sent to the summer address of subscribers if notification is given of the change.

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# PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS

• • • In the Matter of Summer Fiction. • • •



HAT good old phrase, "The Great American Novel," has done much to give a considerable class of folk their existing knowledge of literature, and, thus, has fulfilled so useful a purpose that we may regard its passing with less regret than we might otherwise feel for a time-honored institution falling into neglect. In its limited way it served its generation well; that its way *was* limited is due more to the restricted nature of its scope than to any lack of good intent on its own part or the part of those who at various times have talked and written so affectionately regarding the

shadow of which the phrase is the insubstantial substance. "The great American novel" is, however, an inadequate phrasing of the idea which it is meant to set forth. The great work that wins to any fulfillment of its connotation must be, if the expression is not *too* suggestive of sounding brass and tinkling cymbal, the Great Pan-American Novel.

But if this ancient vision is fading from the literary horizon of to-day, there is no abatement in that great Order of Literature which is so much more characteristically American than "The Great American Novel" could ever be—the *Order of Summer Fiction*. Some folk there be who profess to see a distinct relation between summer fiction and the summer girl. Each is *sui generis*, yet they are linked, one with the other, by a sequence of cause and effect too subtle for analysis, too real to be ignored. He were a second Omar, for refinement of distinctions, who might say which is cause, which effect, or where one begins and the other ends, where each is the quintessence of the other—the subtlest impalpable aroma of that in each which allures and holds us.

We may disapprove of both; we may deprecate—we do deprecate, even in the midst of our pleasure in each, the existence of either. With a shake of the head we follow the delightful grace of one as she moves before us; and with a sigh for the weakness of this age we slip a place-keeping finger among the leaves of the other while we pause to deplore, as minded to speak a good word for the truth, even tho' we do not ourselves walk with her, the "false ideas of life" presented by the summer tale.

The zeal with which the frivolous and the sober-minded alike deprecate the existence of summer fiction, suggests some nice questions. Is our disapproval a mere useless survival of the old Puritanical regime that frowned upon all things pleasant, and "enjoyed poor health," and the more somber visitations of Providence? Or, has it deep root in the verities? Is it the attitude of what for want of a better phrasing we call "our better selves," and is our pleasure in the ensnaring literature a result of the human perversity that draws us by what has been styled "the irresistible attraction of a mortal antipathy?" The questions call for a long, idle summer day, when, with plenty of the suspected matter at hand, we may devote our undistracted minds to investigation and decision.

This is, perhaps, the scientific way, but I have heard of another: I met, some time ago, a clergyman who assured me that he had never read any kind of a novel. Of the great world of fiction he had only condemnation to express, but of summer novels he contented himself with saying that he "would not stain his soul with them."

"How," I asked him, "are you able to make up your mind as to the varying unworth among the many?"

Said he: "My wife reads them. I ask her about them and form my opinion from what she tells me."

There are many sorts of folk to be met with betwixt the equator and either pole.

ADELINE KNAPP.



NUMBER of returning adventurers have reported that the life of a gold-seeker in the North is really little different from that of a man "roughing it" in almost any capacity in almost any climate. The revelations in Mr. Jack London's *Son of the Wolf* make us wonder where, in more senses than one, these gentlemen "got off." They surely did not touch the hithermost limit of the real North, the North of the White Silence.

To the ordinary reader in a civilized environment, these tales give glimpses of another world—of a life that has nothing in common with what we call civilization, but the elemental passions that live and die with the race. Yet one lays down the book with the feeling that The Man on Trail can never again be to one a mere shadow in mittens and earlaps, swinging a whip over a string of dogs. The fine insight and strong, simple diction that have gone to the making of these stories have given humanity and reality to the men whom the Spirit has moved to "seek their heritage and leave their bones within the shadow of the Circle."

The author possesses, to a remarkable degree, the power of awakening and holding interest by suggestion. He opens up a vista in a sentence and sets one to pondering a man's past history by a chance comment; and he leaves so much untold that one is tempted to hope that he has not said in this, his first book, his last word of the North. One would be more than human not to look forward to knowing some day why that wise friend and unobtrusive hero, Malemute Kid, left the States—and what became of Naass, the son of a chief and the righter of wrongs, who leads the Viking Axel Gunderson and his wife Unga to their death in the wonderful *Odyssey of the North*.

There are nine tales in the book and not a mediocre page from cover to cover. Here and there one has to admit that the stories have "the faults of their qualities." It is borne in upon one that there is a great deal of blood and very little water in that country; and the tale of the Two Incapables, left behind by their own wish to escape hardship, only to die like beasts in the end, is doubtful art. But the sense of freshness and strength of workmanship are unmistakable, and the note struck is absolutely new in literature. If there be any good reason why the author of *The Son of the Wolf*, *The Priestly Prerogative*, and *An Odyssey of the North* should not travel as far as he will on his own trail and arrive in the end, it is not apparent in the closest scrutiny of his first volume.

MARY MORROW.

### In Passing Comment.



FROM a literary standpoint *The Redemption of David Corson* by the Rev.

Mr. Goss is second class, as much so as *David Harum*, for instance, or *When Knighthood Was in Flower*, or *Janice Meredith*,—its style flowers into the ornate, its dramatic situations multiply into the spectacular, its plot develops into the impossible. Notwithstanding this, however, it has the strong human interest that made those other three novels successful and will gain for this one a generous hearing. In *David Harum* there was humor; in *Knighthood*, romance; in *Janice Meredith*, history, and in *David Corson* there is religion—the discussion, or rather the illustration of the power of faith to save and redeem. In this it is forceful. The scene is laid for the most part in the frontier life of the Middle West, and an exuberant joy in the wonderful manifestations of nature in that new country is its most evident charm.

Inasmuch as *Deacon Bradbury*, the recent novel by Edwin Asa Dix, is a character sketch of a New England farmer, it suggests *David Harum*, to which it has been likened by publisher and critic, but further than that we can see no resemblance. In construction and style it is superior, there Mr. Westcott was weak; but it lacks any very remarkable distinguishing quality, anything that would cause it to rise superior to the same faults that were overcome by its prototype. The character of Deacon Bradbury is very cleverly drawn—the developing of his earnest, self-reliant and essentially honest nature prepares the

reader for his final outburst of doubt and protest, but that of his son is by no means so convincingly done. We can quite pardon the Deacon for not understanding him.

Some half dozen tales of warfare,—the Zulu war and Majuba Hill, not the present conflict,—by Caryl Davis Haskins, have been collected under the title of *For the Queen in South Africa*. Warfare, picturesque and heroic, with the spirit of college athletics, is their point of view, in most of them it is but a step from the football team to the leader of some forlorn hope, but at the same time there is a touch of realism, an evidence of the battle's grim nature. They are written in a simple, vigorous style and being also timely, are well worth the reading.

D. P. E.



## SUMMER FICTIO



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HEN Daudet wrote *Sappho* for the French people, he directed his rare analytical power to probe and expose human weakness as dispassionately as a great surgeon introduces his scalpel into human flesh. He did not create its main characters as character-sketches alone (if they were only that, it might have been better to have left them in the gutter) but as searching psychological studies from life, surprising glimpses of human folly and infirmity, written with the unsparing sincerity of absolute truth.

*Sappho* is the history of the subtle power of pitch to defile, from the first step when the yoke is easy and the burden light to that last awakening after the whirlwind of passion has swept everything away save ruin and despair. The benumbing, step by step, under the influence of *Sappho* of the better nature of a man whose impulses were not naturally bad; his folly tightening like the antennæ of an octopus about him and constricting him in its folds with fatal and relentless persistence; his partial moral convalescence; his fall, brutal and hopeless—all this unfolds a story infinitely sad, because real, a page from the book of nature. The glimpse the man has of the dawn of a pure passion before the waters close over him forever is the climax of a tragedy—the death of a soul.

*Sappho* as a play, adapted by another hand, written for the playhouses frequented by the Anglo-Saxon young person, with all that hard, bitter lesson dragged to the garish footlights and its shadows accentuated by theatrical art and a morbid intent—Ah! that is quite a different matter.

From the pen of a writer less gifted than Daudet, *Sappho* would have been base, vile, defiling. Regarded purely as a work of art it is a sincere, deep study, prepared with indefatigable skill, teaching by the unfolding of inevitable consequence the penalty of transgression, written by a genius who touches with ease hidden chords of human emotion.

W. S. MCCLURE.



RUSKIN believed, and always acted upon the belief he expressed in clear words, that "Art is the expression of man's delight in the works of God—all great art is praise." In no other sense would he have accepted the phrase, "Religion of Beauty," as indicative of his teaching. That Sizeranne has been a very thorough student of Ruskin, appears on every page of his fascinating book, *Ruskin and the Religion of Beauty*. He has not only steeped himself in the writings of the man he delights to call master, but has followed on in his steps all over Europe, sketching over again the sketches whence he had drawn his theories and his examples, waiting for the same light he had waited for, always "seeking, as it were, on the eternal monuments the 'fugitive shadows of his thought.'" The issue thereof is the most adequate presentation we can recall of the manifold Ruskin, of his words and works, of his beliefs and his views, through a medium of the most perfect clarity; a style both terse and lucid, compacted of rightly fitting words vivified by the fine insight and searching analysis of an accomplished French critic.

HENRY H. HOWITT.

### James Huneker's Chopin.



ONE STUDENT of Chopin, be he amateur or professional, can afford to miss reading Mr. James Huneker's delightful book, *Chopin, the Man and His Music*, just published by Charles Scribner's Sons. The reading of it is a keen pleasure from cover to finish, for which Mr. Huneker had prepared us in his earlier *Mezzotints in Modern Music*, a series of essays on Brahms, Tchaikowsky, Chopin, Richard Strauss, Liszt, and Wagner, essays full of individuality, charm and poetic imagery. Mr. Huneker divides his book into two parts—Part I, Chopin, the Man;

Part II, His Music. In dealing with Chopin, the Man, he quotes with discrimination from the best sources, most copiously from Niecks, whose life of Chopin is the standard authority, but Mr. Huneker's quotations, while apt, are not slavish, and are supplemented by comments of his own so full of an exuberant imagination, such an original way of putting things, that one is fairly carried away by his enthusiasm, which is as stimulating as good wine, so that by the time one reaches the second part of the book one is prepared to follow, music in hand, where Mr. Huneker leads. The earnest student will find abundant and helpful comparative references to the standard editions of Mikuli, Klindworth, Kullak, Scholtz, Riemann, Von Buelow, but side by side with this exhaustive research burns the torch of Mr. Huneker's powerful imagination by way of poetic comment, lighting the way through the beauties of the études, the preludes, the mazurkas, and all the glories of the greater Chopin.

It is a delight to quote Mr. Huneker at random, especially for the benefit of the sentimental amateur, when, in speaking of the Prelude in D, he says:

"There is a dewy freshness, a joy in life, that puts to flight much of the morbid tittle-tattle about Chopin's sickly soul. The moonstruck, sentimental calf of many biographers he never was."

Of Chopin, the Man, he writes: "When Rubinstein, Tausig, and Liszt played Chopin in passionate phrasing, the public and critics were aghast. This was a transformed Chopin, indeed, a Chopin transposed to the key of manliness. Yet it is the true Chopin."

Of Chopin, the artist: "Each one of his ten fingers was a delicately differentiated voice, and these ten voices could sing at times like the morning stars." And this of Chopin, the poet and psychologist: "To the earth for consolation he bent his ear, and caught echoes of the cosmic comedy, the far-off laughter of the hills, the lament of the sea, and the mutterings of its depths. These things with tales of somber clouds, and shining skies, and whisperings of strange creatures dancing timidly in pavonine twilights, he traced upon the ivory keys of his instrument, and the world was richer for a poet. Chopin is not only the poet of the piano—he is also the poet of music, the most poetic of composers. Among lyric moderns Heine closely resembles the Pole. Both sang ineffable and ironic melodies, both will endure because of their brave sincerity, their surpassing art."



While the book is not lacking in the details of technical helpfulness, such as can be found in the majority of books of this kind, its chief charm lies in the stimulating atmosphere it creates in the mind of the reader, its absence of all dry, irrelevant matter, and Mr. Hunker's poetic personal point of view, wherein he seldom wastes words for the sake of fine word spinning, but paints in quick, broad strokes, full of imagination and critical insight. He belongs to the younger school of virile, fearless writers on music, of which Vernon Blackburn and John F. Runciman of London, and Philip Hale of Boston, are shining lights, although it is to be regretted that the last-named writer confines himself to newspaper work.

JULIUS WEBER.

## Sonnets of Heredia.

ENGLISHED BY EDWARD ROBESON TAYLOR.



THE sonnets of Jose-Maria de Heredia are almost all of them wholly color, form, texture, light, and shade, like Virgil's two lines about the white bull, which Philip Gilbert Hamerton says equal Troyon the painter: "He with his snow-white side resting upon the soft hyacinth, ruminates the pale herbage under the black ilex." To leave them is like going out of art galleries and museums, they are enamels and cameos in the style of Gautier, and, like Gautier, Heredia thinks "spirituality is none of my affair." He is the extreme impressionist of "The Green Carnation" sort. He sees more than he reflects.

He uses words as tools for various arts, the drama, in the "Votive Epigram"; and sculpture in "The Runner"; but chiefly for painting, as in "Celestial Blazon":

—on blue enamel of the West  
The clouds all silvery, purple, coppery.

In "The Coral Reef":

A monstrous fish whose iridescence dims  
Enamel's sheen, across the branches swims.  
And, sudden, from his fin of flaming hue  
A shiver, through the immobile crystal blue,  
Of emerald, gold, and nacre swiftly plays.

In "The Samurai" he has picture and drama:

'Tis he, with swords' and fan's rich braveries.  
His tasseled girdle steeped in scarlet dyes  
Cuts his dark mail, and on his shoulders rise  
Hizen's or Togukawa's blazonries.  
This handsome warrior in his dress of plate,  
Of brilliant lacquers, bronze and silk, would mate  
Some black crustacean, gigantesque, vermeil.  
He sees her;—and he smiles behind his mask,  
While his more rapid pace makes brighter still  
The two gold horns that tremble on his casque.

In "Sunset" are picture and mood; in "Star of the Sea," picture and music. "The Church Window" and "The Dogressa" are very fine scenes. Higher than these are the three "Visions of Khem," "The Ravishment of Andromeda" and "The Conqueror." The striking "Eagle's Death," the dainty "Gilded Vellum," the stately "Tomb of the Conqueror," the strong "Michelangelo," the sad "Rising Sea" and "Oblivion" are poetry as well as picture.

Heredia represents the supremacy of the artistic. He has the art of the French poets, but seldom shows any of their sense of the undefinable and never hints of the infinite. He is more like Huysmans than like Baudelaire or Mikhael or de Banville. His work resembles the Chinese careful chiseling for years on a few cherry-stones for a bracelet. The progress of humanity, the problems of life, the soul of man, were unheeded while this rhymet-carver—"nothing seeing, made on pommel of a dirk the Titans' fight."

The sonnets are pastels, many would have been better in prose like *The Stairway* by Heredia's son-in-law, Henri de Regnier.



Only fellow craftsmen can realize the endless toil of such translations as Mr. Edward Robeson Taylor has here made. They are now in their second edition. Mr. Taylor's own book, *Moods*, so highly praised, and his recent beautiful sonnet to Keith's picture "Into The Mystery," prove that he ought not to spend his time in decanting foreign poets' wine into English flagons.

EMMA FRANCES DAWSON.

### Stephen Phillips' Paola and Francesca.



HIS play has deservedly created a sensation both in the literary and dramatic world. It was written expressly for the stage, and is intended to be an acting tragedy as well as a dramatic poem.

In the well-known play, by Boker, called *Francesca da Rimini*, the court jester plays an important role, goading Giovanni on to his fate and betraying the two lovers to his vengeance. In this new play Phillips discards the jester and creates a character, Lucrezia, who from different motives, produces the same result. Paola also is different in the two plays. He is here portrayed as a soldier, not simply as a courtier.

There is an immediate suggestion of force, a forecast of tragedy in *Paola and Francesca* that distinguishes it among all modern dramas.

Upon Paola's arrival with Francesca, bringing her to be wedded to Giovanni, the latter says to his household :

"You see me beat with many blows, death pale  
With gushing of much blood, and deaf with war —  
You see me, and I languish for a calm.  
I ask no great thing of the skies; I ask  
Henceforth a quiet breathing, that this child,  
Hither all dewy from her convent fetched,  
Shall lead me gently down the slant of life.  
Here then I sheathe my sword; and fierce must be  
That quarrel where again I use the steel."

Here, then, is a foreshadowing of peace, but not its certain anticipation. But even this suggestion of tranquility is marred by Giovanni's conduct, for only a moment later, with Francesca's forgotten hand in his, he warns them, with,

"be sure  
That, though I sheathe the sword, I am not tamed.  
What I have snared, in that I set my teeth  
And lose with agony; when hath the prey  
Writhed from our mastiff-fangs?"

and suiting the action to the words, and already oblivious of Francesca, he almost crushed her hands, causing Lucrezia to exclaim,

"Giovanni, loose  
Francesca's hands—the tears are in her eyes."

Compare with Giovanni, deformed, body and soul in battered armor sheathed, to the young bride thus described by herself and by her maid. Francesca said :

"My lord, my father gave me to you: I  
Am innocent as yet of this great life;  
My only care to attend the holy bell,  
To sing and to embroider curiously:  
And as through glass I view the windy world."

To this her maid, Costanza, added :

"O Lord of Rimini!  
With sighs we leave her as we leave a child.  
Be tender with her, even as God hath been.  
She hath but wondered up at the white clouds;  
Hath just spread out her hands to the warm sun;  
Hath heard but gentle words and cloister sounds."

Such was Francesca. Paola was young and handsome. Giovanni, as yet, knew not what love was, and therefore suspected it not in others. It was therefore but natural that he should say to the two young people :

"Stand either side of me—you whom I love;  
 I'd have you two as dear now to each other  
 As both of you to me. We are, Francesca,  
 A something more than brothers—fiercest friends;  
 Concordia was our mother named, and ours  
 Is but one heart, one honor, and one death.  
 Any that came between us I would kill."

Lucrezia, his cousin and old-time friend and housekeeper, looked with different eyes, and thus forewarned him:

"beware  
 This child scarce yet awake upon the world!  
 Dread her first ecstasy, if one should come  
 That should appear to her half-opened eyes  
 Wonderful as a prince from fairy-land  
 Or venturing through forests toward her face—  
 \* \* \* \* \*

Youth goes toward youth."

Even this suggestive warning does not appeal to this man of war, into whose heart jealousy had never entered because love had found no place therein. Lucrezia accordingly repeated her warning:

"I have but said and say, 'Youth goes toward youth,'  
 And she shall never prize, as I do still,  
 Your savage courage and deliberate force,  
 Even your mounded back and sullen gait."

To this warning Giovanni simply replies:

"Lucrezia, this is that old bitterness."

Lucrezia then expressed this "bitterness" in a torrent that startles the reader with its power and its white heat. Phillips has surprised his warmest admirers by the dramatic intensity of Lucrezia's reply to Giovanni:

"Bitterness—am I bitter? Strange, O strange!  
 How else? My husband dead and childless left,  
 My thwarted woman-thoughts have inward turned,  
 And that vain milk like acid in me eats.

Does great God  
 Expect I shall clasp air and kiss the wind  
 Forever?

\* \* \* \* \*

I am a woman, and this very flesh  
 Demands its natural pangs, its rightful throes,  
 And I implore with vehemence these pains."

Giovanni begins to love Francesca, and says to her, with unwonted tenderness,

"How beautiful you seem, Francesca, now,  
 As though new-risen with the bloom of dreams!  
 More difficult it grows to leave your side."

Francesca guilelessly drifts into love for Paola. Paola vainly fights against his growing passion for Francesca. As the sorceress told Giovanni,

"Unwillingly he comes a-wooing: she  
 Unwillingly is wooed: yet still they woo."

Giovanni discovers their secret. Love begets jealousy. His unaccustomed helplessness to retain what he feels is his own, makes him exclaim,

"Can I not bind  
 Her beauty fast o'er which I 'gin to yearn?  
 Are there not drugs to charm the hearts of women?"

The tragedy begins to move swiftly to its terrible end. Francesca and Paola give up their hopeless struggle and calmly wait their fate, fearing only separation.

"Were we together, what can punish us?"

whispers Paola to her. Swiftly to his revenge goes Giovanni, and Paola and Francesca pay the great price.

"bound  
 Together by that law which holds the stars  
 In palpitating cosmic passion bright;  
 By which the very sun entrals the earth,  
 And all the waves of the world faint to the moon."

Phillips shows his master hand in the closing scene. There is no rant, no explosion. Giovanni, after the murder, seems stunned, and pity for his victims calms his demeanor. When the two bodies are brought in he says to Lucrezia,

"Be still. A second wedding here begins,  
And I would have all reverent and seemly:  
For they were nobly born and deep in love."

and going to the litter he continues :

"Not easily have we three come to this—  
We three who now are dead. Unwilling  
They loved, unwillingly I slew them. Now  
I kiss them on the forehead quietly."

Thus briefly have I outlined Phillips' great poem. The author is young. His work not only disproves the cynics' boast that there is no great poet at this closing of a century noted chiefly for its triumphs in purely material progress, but also gives promise of illuminating the new century with verse worthy of companionship with any that has made musical the ages past.

HORACE G. PLATT.

### THE OLD BOOK ROOM. Walton's "Compleat Angler."



IX editions between 1653 and 1700 ; ten editions between 1700 and 1800 ; forty editions in the first fifty years of the nineteenth century, and at least seventy editions since—such is in part the remarkable bibliography of Walton's *Compleat Angler*.

The grace and charm of its style will of course account for much of the ever increasing favor the book enjoys. But excellence of style and composition are to be found in other books written by Walton, and yet they have barely reached their second editions. Nor can it be said that the worshippers of the Angler are increasing because it deals with fish and fishing. There are many of its devotees who have never whipped a stream. The angler's art, moreover, has so improved during the two centuries which have passed since Walton's day, that much of his method is obsolete.

Then too there are to be found among the three thousand volumes or thereabouts which deal with matters piscatorial, many books wherein the ambitious will gain a far clearer knowledge than from Walton of the accomplishments necessary to the skilled angler of to-day.

If the secret of the popularity of *The Compleat Angler* is to be found neither in the remarkable quality of its composition, nor in its practical value as a sportsmen's guide, where will we search for it?

I venture the following personal impressions as an answer :

Even in the days of Walton, life was complicated enough. Then as now the struggle for wealth, the mad race for preferment, the various trying aspects of human nature and of duty, put their irritating tension upon every-day life in the large cities. But compared with our urban life, those days of two centuries ago were full of repose. No hurrying messenger hurled with the early dawn at every door a volume blaring the world's history for the preceding day, from the crimes of nations to the gossip of one's own block.

In those restful days no telephone's mistaken call irritated the housewife as she went about her duties, nor did a few seconds' delay at central transform mild men of business into raging beasts.

We need not recount at length the innumerable contrivances which go to make city life the mad, nerve-splitting whirl that it is. In truth life in our great cities is so complicated that every active man and woman feels the strain. Weary with the hurry and rush of life's multitudinous demands, the spirit revolts and one sooner or later grows introspective. Then he sees the hurly-burly in which he lives—the years flitting by like telegraph poles from a flying train ! He looks at Youth, Middle Age, and Old Age marching abreast and crowding him along pell-mell, instead of bearing him gently, each in turn, in decorous procession. If worldly success has not found him, there is nothing to relieve the gloom of the

picture. If on the other hand he has run the race for fortune and position and has won, his tired spirit tells him that the goal is covered with tinsel, and that the prize which the world offered is stuffed with sawdust. So whatever his fortune, the weary, nerve-strained introspective struggler asks himself the familiar question: "What is the use of it all anyhow?"

When such moods overtake people they need sympathy and a new view. The revolution of feeling consequent upon the strain of life quickens within them a hazy longing for a new standard under which they may grasp with either hand simplicity and repose. They are ready for a new start on new lines. Then it is that Walton, that *Apostle of Quiet*, invites them into his pure company, and shares with them the powerful tonic of his simple philosophy.

Whether our feeling of restless captivity is begotten of poverty or of the cares which wealth brings, Walton points an avenue of escape with such sentiments as the following:

Let me tell you, there be many that have forty times our estates, that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us, who, with the expense of a little money, have eat, and drunk, and laughed, and angled, and sung, and slept securely; and rose next day and cast away care, and sung, and laughed, and angled again; which are blessings rich men cannot purchase with all their money. Let me tell you, Scholar, I have a rich neighbor that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money; he is still drudging on, and says, that Solomon says, "The diligent hand maketh rich;" and it is true indeed; but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy; for it was wisely said, by a man of great observation, "That there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them.

Or with this:

Master, first let me tell you, that very hour which you were absent from me, I sat down under a willow tree by the water side, and considered what you had told me of the owner of that pleasant meadow in which you then left me; that he had a plentiful estate, and not a heart to think so; that he had at this time many lawsuits depending; and that they both damped his mirth, and took up so much of his time and thoughts, that he himself had not leisure to take the sweet content that I, who pretended no title to them, took in his fields.

Or with this:

Let me tell you, Scholar, that Diogenes walked on a day, with his friend, to see a country fair; where he saw ribbons, and looking-glasses, and nutcrackers, and fiddles, and hobby-horses, and many other gimeracks; and having observed them, and all the other finnimbruns that make a complete country fair, he said to his friend, "Lord, how many things are there in this world of which Diogenes has no need." And truly it is so, or might be so, with very many who vex and toil themselves to get what they have no need of.

Scores of suggestions like the foregoing help us to stop chasing phantoms until we matriculate in the school of those who, in the language of Walton's scriptural benediction, "Study to be quiet."

I suggest, then, that the increasing appreciation of Walton arises largely from the fact that his philosophy is needed as an antidote to the speed of our day and generation. Every new edition of *The Compleat Angler* is one more proof that men and women are silently protesting against the tension put upon them by a century of too much action and too little contemplation—a century which bade all mankind push onward without stopping for breath, while it should demonstrate that a relay of ten human voices could sound a continuous "hello" around the world.

CHAS. S. WHEELER.

## THE ART ROOM.

### The Art and Mystery of the Bamboo.



ANY tales of the Far East celebrate the trivial and obvious utilities of the bamboo. Their litanies of the commonplace leave no room for any suggestion of the artistic possibilities or traditions of this ubiquitous cane. While it may be true that the bamboo "is one of Nature's most valuable gifts to uncivilized man," it is absurd to say of a nation of craftsmen like the Japanese that they "could more easily surrender all the devices and appliances adopted from European nations" than this material. The steel saw and the potter's wheel have dethroned the bamboo from its structural and domestic supremacy, and the Japanese is sheltered by boards and fed from dishes and generally exempt from the privations of primitive man.

The reputation of the bamboo suffers from the intrusion of certain articles of furniture into American homes—canes split by nails and smeared with the "cockroach color" despised by William Morris and simulating tables and chairs. These things may be reckoned as "quaintly Japanese," since they cannot be found comfortable, but it is a duty to point out that no furniture is Japanese, that, when arts and religions crossed the Yellow Sea, chairs and tables were left behind. The Chinese cling to these vanities, and they make neat furniture by bending and flattening canes without such perversions as the use of nails or varnish. But these wares are too cheap to be exported, and beneath the attention of curio hunters and traders. But, wherever solidity and stiffness are wanted, the bamboo gives place to timber, while the rattan is universally preferred for splints and lashings.

Hitherto we have dealt with industries and innocent utilities. But the bamboo has a surprising adaptability for the murderous activities with which the Far East seems perennially afflicted. The flinty coating of the canes furnishes scrapings and shavings which, like the sharp-edged leaves, are an irritant poison for man or beast. Naturally, some pains was taken by savage man to administer them to game or foes. Canes cut with a bevel supply a spear point, or a knife edge, or a saw, any of which may be of use to the hunter, the torturer, and the cannibal—all of them included in Oriental tradition. A milder implement of bamboo has been regarded as the chief agent by which the Tartar reduced a hundred millions of Chinese to subjection. Indeed, order is still maintained by daily exhibitions of that weapon throughout the Chinese Empire, though the Spaniard preferred the rattan for dominating the Filipino.

Along with these vindictive manifestations man's religious instinct found expression in arts connected with the bamboo. The modern gambler inherits the dice-blocks and domino-sticks of the augur or fortune-teller. Cylinders served to hold these appliances for divination and the sacrifices and incense sticks offered at the altar. Tablets or polished canes were engraved with mystic phrases or moral maxims, and so made durable and beautiful works of art.

These relics of strife and superstition do not exhaust the human interest of our material. Even primitive man has economic and esthetic needs, and there were infinite uses and suggestions in the bamboo. When he wanted durable cooking-pots and water-jars, he copied the glazed surface as well as the hollow form. When he began to draw and to carve, the canes were ready to take all his designs, rude etchings of geometrical pattern, pictures in intaglio, or cameos in relief.

Artistic tradition has wisely retained the bamboo after the discovery of substitutes in pottery or metal, whenever social, literary, or religious rites appeal to Oriental conservatism. Thus, tea and tobacco are associated with many pretty appliances. Writers and artists use the same brushes with bamboo handles, for which cylindrical holders are requisite. The Chinese burn bamboo splints coated with incense in open-work tubes of elegant form.

These wares exhibit the most delicate workmanship and the severest taste of Chinese and Japanese artists. In skill the two nations are fairly matched; in design the Chinese attain more of classic charm. Of course, the best pieces preserve the special qualities of the material, its symmetry, its luster, and the rich brown tints which come with seasoning in the smoke for a generation. Books on art mention only certain grotesque carvings from roots, which lack both the form and texture of the ripe cane. The technique is difficult—the flinty surface destroying the points used in etching with fire. The successive layers of fiber are solid enough to take a polish when wrought with a firm hand.

Unfortunately, foreign influence in Japan and national decadence in China have ruined the art of bamboo working. New specimens are crudely scraped and stained. On the other hand they split in American houses, so that their antiquity and value can be readily detected.

But it is still possible for one who has more time than money and more faith in his own preferences than in the dictates of fashion, to pick up a few ripe specimens, troughs for filling teapots and stands for brushes, in both Empires, tubular incense-burners—the highest achievement of the bamboo carver—in China only.

CARLOS GILMAN CALKINS.

## The Revolt of Barbara.



BARBARA is the name they gave me, and because I have that name I am just what I am. It is a sad name and full of thoughts, it has many "a's." If you will say slowly Bar-ba-ra I am sure you will see that what I say is true. I would have been quite different if my name did not sound so heavy and slow; now Betsy is what she is because of her name. Names make everybody and everything what they are. I could tell you of many that sound like the things they are. Everybody thinks I am a "sulky" child. I wish I knew how to tell them in their words that I am not, but that I am always busy in my mind, and I do not know how to speak, when people think things about me they make me cold and full of fear, and I cry inside. I only know one person who sees what I am, and He never says a word about it, but I know when I walk with his arm around me, that He is sending kind thoughts to me. He does not know what the thoughts would be in words, neither do I, but hours go by when I am playing with him—we do not talk much, but still when we go home, I am warm all over and happy, and I know He is, too. Once He said to me, "I can go out in the world and work some more, dear, you help me to work, I can now do many things for I am strong." (He means that we are friends, and understands.) Here are the things that I see every day that make me seem "sulky," and wish I could be Queen of the World, with a right to make things as I wish. Because horses cannot speak and ask cruel men not to treat them the way they do; because dogs' eyes are so soft and beautiful, and follow their masters around and cannot speak or explain when they try so hard to; because men put animals in cages to look at them, poor things that always have had lots of room, and have been *kings* where they once lived, and because so many children are unhappy, and no one helps them to get long days of joy, and because everything is so rough and hard and cruel, I sometimes cry when I think I can't help it one bit—but I have found a way to be Queen of the World with great power, so now I make things right for everything. I love to turn my face to the South, when I am sad or in doubt, and think with my heart out of me, far away into the blue. I forget the things around me, and something comes to me that makes me strong and wonderful, so I can be a Queen with great power. The North is like a cold hard hand, the East never listens to me, the West is full of darkness and fear, but the South is like Sun and a little wind blowing and always gives and gives, and I see a smile there that wraps me up with happiness, and a white hand touches me as a fairy would and makes my wishes come true. So the other day I took everything the South would give, and I became a Queen. This is what happened: For days and days I had been very unhappy, I saw so many sad things, but what made me do what I shall tell you of, was this—a man driving a horse up a steep hill with a heavy load, the man lashed the horse with his whip, and the horse kept slipping down on his knees (which he could not rub when he fell on the sharp stones of the street). I cried out with anger and pain and rubbed my knees for it hurt me. It seemed to me that everything in the world was wrong, so I became Queen. So then I was Queen and I went to our barn and got on the back of Frank, the horse, and told him to take me out into the big world. First I went to where the man was driving his poor horse up the stony hill and made him let his horse go, and I made him sit on his wagon and rub his knees till the sun went down. Then we started along the broad road which went into the beautiful South land. We stopped at every house we came to on the way, and I made the horses, dogs, and all the children (that wanted to) come with us. The cats and chickens I didn't invite, but some came, anyway. And so we went on and on, out of every place by the road came more horses, dogs and children. The children rode on the horses' backs if they wanted to, and the dogs and cats and chickens ran along with the whole army of horses; I was at the head of the great line. The horses kicked up their heels and whisked their tails and neighed and neighed, and the dogs barked, and the cats yowled, and the chickens made all sorts of noises, the mixture of sounds was very queer, and it was wonderful to see the army getting to be more and more the farther we went. We sang songs, and stopped by the



way to pick flowers, and all the children had crowns of flowers on their heads, and the horses and dogs had strings of ivy and daisies about their necks. The chickens and cats would not have anything around them, I wish they had, it would have looked so funny. We went on until we came to a country where there were no houses, only green fields, and rivers and forests with the tree limbs up high so there was no danger of bumping our heads. When we came to this country we found a great hill, and Frank and I went on top of it, and all the children, and horses, and dogs, and cats, and chickens gathered around. I called out to them and said: "I am going to tell you all something, and I shall make some Laws. What I say you must all remember. This is the South Land where we are free, and we can speak what is in our hearts, and not be afraid. We understand each other, and every one knows what is the right of every one else. We have taken a long journey, and have been happy all the time. Now, the country that we left, we must go back to soon, to tell people that we shall have new laws for horses and dogs. After this, horses shall talk all they want to, and say when their masters are cruel, and they shall combine together and rebel. Then people will learn that animals have rights of their own, and that they should be men's *friends* and not their *slaves*. So now, we will all go back to our homes." Then, as the Sun was going down towards the Earth, our whole army went back, and everybody was talking and singing and playing. The army melted away little by little. The horses went each one into his own barn, and after that never had halters around their necks or reins to drive them with, or whips to beat them. And dogs became the great friends of men. They told each other their troubles, and always were a great comfort to each other. When I was Queen that day, I did good things for animals and men, so they have been happier ever since. The children have more companions to talk to, and they have wonderful times when they play.

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*The following letter was written by a Japanese boy to a lady we know. The incident described is entirely true. In no way has this letter been touched up, but is rendered word for word from the original.—Ed.*

DEAR FRIEND:—In the morning when I was working on my business—under a window that is just located for the street, I have heard so many sounds of whipping, accompanied with enormous voices of animal. Boo, Boo, Boo—after Boo—a great number of persons assembled near the place and the tracks of crowd invited me to attend what shall be the accident. One cowboy, who was leading his bull with her calf, on their way had come to a branch street, and the calf refusing to cross it, run away off.

In order to drive his animal back the boy whipped frequently; but the calf did not turn her mind to go. At last the boy took out his rope, lashed around the small animal's neck and began to pull it by the edge. The pity calf having rough rope among her throat, while it is increasing more pain, pull by pull, still she did not advance and fell down in the street.

A quite aged gentleman, with a fine stovepipe on his head and compassionate face, came out between the assemblage to the boy—whispered him to give up such cruelty. But the poor beast could not distinguish her preserver of this life; on the contrary, rushed upon the gentleman to hook him up. There was only a little space to escape the danger; he scarcely got away, but tumbled down on the ground flying away his hat. Then another fellow came out and tried to loose the rope from among the animal's neck. The ungrateful and awful being sprung upon again his back, and with her huge horns hooked his side and leg; but he also escaped the danger without no injury.

Now, all persons could find out no best way how to drive them. Shortly after a kind man coming to the matter, he told to get a wagon and will carry the calf, then it is easy to lead the mother; so the boy obeyed to his opinion, had called a carriage, took the calf in, and drove the horse with the bull together in safe.

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The publishers will be glad to have subscribers send them the addresses of such of their friends as would be interested in receiving sample copies. The magazine will be sent to the summer address of subscribers if notification is given of the change.

## In the Old Book Room



THE shipment this month brings many rare and interesting works. A copy of the beautiful *Wm. Morris Kelmscott Chaucer* has already been reserved for a private collection; as also a copy of the first folio of *Ben Jonson* and a rare old *Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy*. It is especially rich in collectors' books:—*Seymour's New Readings*, 11 volumes,

1830; *Puck on Pegasus*, 1869; *Comic Arithmetic*, 1844; an original George Cruikshank drawing, are but a few. Some of the more standard library sets are:

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## Some Contemporary California Writers



HERE are few sections of the Union, outside of the two or three recognized literary centers, which have contributed as much to the literature of the nation as has California. This fact, coupled with the inspiration of the scenery and a certain freedom from conventional restraints characteristic of the people of the Pacific Slope has led to the hope in many minds that here may develop an art spirit of unusual virility and a literature of large significance in our national life. This anticipation may be only an evidence of provincial pride, or it may be a true prophecy which could only be made by one who knows and loves this El Dorado, with its snow-crested Sierras, its sagebrush plains, its forests of Sequoia and pine, its fertile valleys and hill slopes, and its bleak coast line. In no other part of this continent can be found such diversity of climate and scenery

within such narrow bounds. In no other region can be found such a uniformly temperate climate. About San Francisco Bay the weather is cool enough throughout the year to make work a joy, but there are few days when the thermometer falls below the freezing point. To these favoring elements of inspiring scenery and exhilarating climate may be added a picturesque background of Spanish history and a vista across the water to the Orient, with its mighty potentiality for good or evil. Surely here, if anywhere, can develop a literature which is individual and vital, yet universal in its interest and significance.

With such hopes in mind, it is of interest to look about us now and then to see what is being accomplished here in the field of letters. The atmosphere of Edward Roland Sill and of Charles Warren Stoddard is a good one for literary workers to breathe. It is a good standard of work for others to strive to attain and to transcend. Their influence is still a potent one in our midst, although they are no longer here. But Joaquin Miller still lives upon the Heights and sings his songs. He is a poet with whom posterity will have to reckon. To be sure, he has done some poor work (and who has not?) but, at his best, there is a spontaneous, singing quality, a directness and an inspiration about his work that should put to shame the labored, heartless verselets of many a writer of the day who enjoys the distinction of seeing his productions in eminently respectable magazines. It has the impetuosity of Byron, and at times the rhythmic fluency of Swinburne. Nor has Miller ended his best work if a recent powerful poem on the Boers be a criterion. He has lately been visiting at the Los Angeles home of another California writer of unusual power—Charles F. Lummis.

Mr. Lummis, in his own special field, has dominated the West. He is an authority on Spanish America and the Indians of the Southwest. He loves these people with all the zeal of his enthusiastic nature, and has made them live in stories and narratives. His editorials on current events in *The Land of Sunshine* have had an individuality so marked that they stand alone in American journalism. They are distinguished by a crispness, a fearlessness in praise or denunciation, a freshness of thought, which make them both entertaining and influential. In spite of his busy life of letters, he has found time during the past year to build a home, largely with his own hands, which is as individual as its maker. It is a massive stone structure built in the Spanish mission style (not like the plaster stucco imitations which go under that name), and shaped by hand, even to the minutest detail, making it a complete expression of the life and thought of its occupant, as every home should be.

Upon his beautiful ranch near Martinez lives John Muir, known and loved by every true lover of nature for his writings about the wild things of the West. He is a prophet of nature—a veritable child of the good earth mother—and has gone through life not merely with his eyes open, but also with a heart full of loving kindness for all that lives and is fair.

He speaks with authority of the mountains, the glaciers, the trees and flowers, and the spirit of enthusiasm in his work is contagious. No Californian should consider his education complete until he had read *The Mountains of California*, nor, for that matter, should any American.

Even a brief summary of current literary work in California would be incomplete without mention of the writings of President Jordan. Although his reputation has been larger as a scientist than as a man of letters, his recent volumes of essays and stories for children show him to be possessed of no small power as a writer. The position of influence which he has achieved by his lectures throughout the West will thus be supplemented and rendered permanent. He is a power in whatever field he enters, and his influence has ever been in the direction of sane and sober manhood.

It seems a piece of peculiar good fortune to California that the author of *The Life of Alexander the Great*, recently published in *The Century*, should have been chosen as president of the State University. The influence of Greek culture will be one of the most important factors in the art which I fondly believe we are destined to produce here, and, combined with the spirit of modern science which is uppermost in the thought of President Jordan, will help toward a well-rounded development. But it is not enough that President Wheeler should impress Greek culture on the West; it is also essential that the West should impress its spirit, its ideals, and its destiny upon him before he is to be classed as a California writer.

I cannot close this sketch without mention of two sober women among our writers—Emma Frances Dawson and Ina Coolbrith. Miss Dawson has been compared with Poe in her portrayal of weird and gruesome episodes, while Miss Coolbrith has written poems, which, for their music, their plaintive tenderness, and their sincerity, will stand as a permanent contribution to our literature. Mr. George Henschel, the English composer, has recently set one of her songs to music, and, although the words are familiar to many readers, it cannot be amiss to repeat them here:

#### NO MORE.

Nay, then, what can be done  
When love is flown,  
When love has passed away?  
Sit in the twilight gray,  
Thinking how near he was,  
Thinking how dear he was,  
That he is no more to-day!

How can the day be fair,  
Love may not share?  
How days go by,  
Hearing no fond words said,  
With no dear kisses shed—  
O, how can love be dead,  
And yet not I?

There is no influence so potent for the realization of our dreams as faith. Therefore, it is necessary for those who wish to see upon this Coast a great wave of creative activity in art and letters to believe that such is imminent, and to do whatever lies in their power to bring it to pass. It is not sufficient that the inspiration be furnished here for original work. It is equally essential that a spirit of loyalty be engendered among our people which will make them support that which is worthy of encouragement. Edwin Markham worked in Oakland for many years without the possibility of earning his salt by his pen. Suddenly he was discovered, and the East opened its arms to receive him. What we need here is more determination to foster all that makes for a higher culture, a deeper spirituality, and a truer ideal—more independence and self-reliance in recognizing these when they are developed in our midst, and more steadfastness in supporting them and making possible their growth to the fulness of their prime.

CHARLES KEELER.

## The Religion of Democracy.



IT IS not often that one gets inspiration from the preface of a book, but it is impossible to read even so much of Mr. Charles Ferguson's *The Religion of Democracy* without an innervation of the muscles which will increase with every page. It is unthinkable that a great war should not have inked some pens with thought-filled striking words. The pause of triumph has brought a debris of doubts, the threads of tendency are gnarled about us, what shall the nation do? Most hesitate, some cry out in rancorous bitterness, others behold a private gain and seek to make their fellows allies of their selfishness. But everywhere is questioning. And in it all one writes: "The spirit of the age is saying to its children: Have faith." That is the theme of the book. It sounds much like the cant of the churches, but "Democracy cannot make terms with any kind of spiritual monopoly." Mr. Ferguson calls men to believe in a living not a merely historical God. Have faith—such faith as Moses had when coming from the mountain he was not sure that he had talked with God—the faith that speaks not by authority as do the scribes. They who have certainty must harden to be what they are, but all things come to him who harbors forehanded expectancy. It is a wholesome note—a clarion which calls men to behold the larger God and feel the thrill of an eternity in time which passes now. "The religious trusts are bankrupt and the caste of goodness and truth is ripe for dissolution." It is because the world is more faithful to the things of God than the churches and does not hide its talents in a napkin. The spirit has found itself at home with men and most at home where men most love and live their homely human love. This is democracy. Its creed is the kingdom of God is within you. Its worship consists in the concurrence of "the most forceful and effective persons in society to the ends of beauty and justice." It believes that "God is not caught in his own body"—that all that is good—that the real life of man is good. The Religion of Democracy is a glorious religion—the religion in which most men worship to-day but tell not of it to their kin because it comes by living, not by speech. It is a thinker's religion—a religion in which all the facts of life are equally religious—a live man's faith and not an imitator's. This little book is well named *A Manual of Devotion*. It is the work of a Plutarch or of an Epictetus for our present day philosophy—but most of all of a deeply religious man. Its author has riddles to perplex many an Edipus. His style is indeed an enthusiastic prose full of unexpected insights and flashes of epigrammatic fire which kindle where they fall. I am not sure that I may say of all of it, with Schopenhauer: Here is a book such as the Deity delights to read, but I am confident that much of it will pass the highest judges.

E. C. M.

## When We Dead Awaken.



IT WAS Ibsen's abandonment of the epopee and the historical drama for the social and psychologic play that marked the dawn of modernity in dramatic literature. The heliacal risings of such others as Sudermann, Hauptmann, Maeterlinck, Shaw, served only to make his primacy more pronounced, for his achievements—within their own laws—surpassed the achievements of his rivals and imitators. He anticipated tendencies and was to realism on the stage what Flaubert was to realism in fiction.

But having demolished the barriers of convention in a spirit of revolt against classicism and its traditions, he strode out into the Realm of the Real as into a pathless waste. He did not linger to reclaim, to fertilize, to beautify, but rushed headlong into the unexplored regions of the pseudo-real, where he has found many strange things to play with.

His own thirst for praise has been served by an hysterical horde of admirers, but his muse has been lured too far from the Pierian fount, and now, with her parched lips, she sings nor sweetly nor well. She is bedraggled, emaciated, diseased. She has suffered pain and privation, for which he can offer no anodyne. For her delectation he has dugged up horrible creatures from life's quagmire—serpents of society. Out of the charnel of his



mind he has raised ghosts to startle her. It only remains for him now to conjure up some shape even more disgusting—a basilisk, perchance, gazing upon which she shall die.

Ibsen's most recently published play, *When We Dead Awaken*, is neither a valuable contribution to literature nor a worthy example of the author's genius. It deals with persons of unhealthy temperaments. It upholds vice. Hence it is unwholesome and immoral. The play is not typical of the newer impulse in dramatic writing. It exceeds the purposes of mere naturalism. It is extreme. It is vivisection or rather a post-mortem without demonstration. It reveals nothing, at least, nothing real. It carries with it no conviction, and makes no subjective appeal. As an isolate example of the modern drama it is suggestive, but its interest (it would be improper to say its *charm*) is insidious rather than attractive. The art of it is immense, albeit pervert. It is interesting as a study in the same way that a cadaver is interesting.

The characters are misshapen and unnatural, but they are symmetrical in their deformity, true in their falsity. As Ibsen conceives them, so they must have felt, acted, thought; but he never makes one's self say: "Thus I feel." "So I think, also."

Maia, the young wife, chafing for freedom, is the one human being in the play; her emancipation, "the working out of her destiny," the single psychologic process of significance. It is the oldest theme of the new school, but in this instance it is crudely treated. Its carrying out to her submission to the bestial bear-hunter, Ulfheim, who smells of blood, yet has not a drop of it in his veins, is not convincing, nor even plausible, and, consequently, abortive.

Professor Rubek is a fitting foil for the Unknown Lady and the relation of their unsane infatuation, visionary on the one side, frenetic on the other, is like a clinical exposition.

The first plays of Ibsen's second manner were vital and valuable, but latterly he seems to cater only to morbid appetites. *When We Dead Awaken* is saturated with symbolism, and a second reading is absolutely necessary to an understanding of its intent, but instead of reading it twice it were far better not to read it at all. PORTER GARNETT.

### George Meredith: Some Characteristics.



IT WOULD seem that if we could unravel Mr. Le Gallienne for ten years we might find that rather rare thing—a critic with the gift of seeing and then telling. He tells us that it was all done years ago when he was young, and we, wearily recalling his pursuit of the petticoat, his gilt girls and his latest would-be Sunday-school book, want to go back with him.

People who read Meredith usually make the mistake of trying to explain the deed. Mr. Le Gallienne promptly admits that they are *nascitur non fit*. But he at once cleverly and shrewdly goes on to prove a thousand sweet and wise reasons by the dearest of quotations. Quotings that make the Meredith lover hug himself with delight at bits that he has for one gross moment forgotten, and such as to cause the outermost Philistine to think there must be something in this jagged jeweler of monstrous technique.

If there can be such a thing as synthetic analysis, it is here. There is a crisp precision, almost mathematical in chapters which take up and deal honestly and sanely with certain clear whys and why nots of the dim Master. Mr. Le Gallienne, ten years ago, modestly disclaims rashness in making any finalities, but it is very certain that he lightens and enlightens his subject. To one that already knows why he is a Meredithiac it is like a long, wholesome, friendly talk, punctuated by reasonably loving enthusiasm. To one that wants to know or will be led by fair dealing, the book promises a secure guiding, with abundant samples.

At its close, naturally, Mr. Le Gallienne has grown old, and, like the rest of us, has had to see Mr. Meredith in his later willfulness, and, like us, has looked upon it with a sorrow that not even *The Amazing Marriage* can console. But of Meredith's glorious prime no one has written with a hand at once so firm, so temperate to the task, so modestly confident. At times, and in spots not too far apart, in writing of the old Master, his critic becomes all at once almost a young master.

DOROTHEA MOORE.



## Geology and Character.



DO not know whether the study of geology tends to produce a singularly beautiful type of character, or whether men of this type of character take easily to the study of this particular science. There are many who have felt the personalities of Agazzis, Dana, and LeConte who will be inclined to accept both hypotheses. For these three names, eminent among American geologists, must each of them recall certain common traits which belong to three very different men; a high wisdom and intellectual power, combined with a touching childlikeness and innocence of character, and a profound reverence for the creation and the Creator. Apparent discrepancies between new knowledge and ancient faith have interested them, but troubled them not at all. These verses might truthfully have been written of either one of them:

And Nature, the old nurse, took  
The child upon her knee,  
Saying: "Here is a story-book  
Thy Father has written for thee."

"Come wander with me," she said,  
"Into regions yet untrod;  
And read what is still unread  
In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away  
With Nature, the dear old nurse,  
Who sang to him night and day  
The rhymes of the Universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,  
And his heart began to fail,  
She would sing a more wonderful song,  
Or tell a more marvelous tale.

So she keeps him still a child,  
And will not let him go.

\* \* \* \*

If, however, there is some subtle law which connects geology with character, it is certainly not uniform in its operation. There are geologists and geologists.

Everyone who knew him, and especially every pupil of his, will be thankful for *The Life of James Dwight Dana*, and those who knew him not will be thankful for the revelation of a rare and inspiring character. Not all his students learned much geology under his wonderful teaching, but none came away from his lecture-room, or parted with him after a lesson in field geology, without feeling that it was good to have been in the place. Those who could not appreciate the intellectual force were touched by the moral elevation. It was of course in the field work that the ordinary student got nearest to him. The friendly gravity with which he considered every ignorant question and suggestion, the unfeigned interest with which he examined every worthless bit of rock which was brought to him, as if he might learn something from his foolish pupils, were very endearing, and added to the self-respect of the enquirer. And this humble attitude was profitable; for he often learned much from those who knew nothing.

It was hard for those, who in the days of their vigorous youth, tried to keep up with that wiry figure, as he swiftly trotted across the country around New Haven, to believe that he was a man of very delicate physical constitution and that he was an invalid during large parts of his life. The reader of this record of work has the same difficulty. The physical energy which made him tire out the athlete was an indication of the intellectual energy which enabled him to do such a prodigious amount of work. Never was talent more faithfully and profitably employed.

Dana's great fame was never a pride nor a burden to him. He simply ignored it. It did not matter to him whether a discovery was his own or not. What he wanted was the truth. He was always ready to abandon one hypothesis for another that seemed more credible. His popular reputation, as distinguished from his reputation among scientific men, rested largely upon his work in corals and coral islands. I understand that Mr. Alexander Agazzis, by punching holes in some of these islands, has seriously damaged Dana's theory concerning their origin. Such a fact, if it be a fact, would have given Dana great joy. His theory was dear to him, not because it was his, but because it seemed to him probably true. He would have been glad to find one that seemed to him to approximate more nearly to the truth, and it would have cost him no pain to abandon his own.

This is the true scientific spirit, which, in its purer aspects, is peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, however bigoted and pugnacious it may appear when mixed with the stuff of coarser natures.

President Gilman has done his work *con amore*, as needs must be with one who had known Professor Dana. He has moreover done it in a judicious and workmanlike manner. He has made a very successful biography. For those who knew Dana, and those who knew him not, will find pervading the book, as it pervaded the life, the wise, childlike, beautiful temper of the man.

THOS. R. BACON.

### The Prose of Edward Rowland Sill.



OME writers stand behind their books either unseen or visible only as faint shadows far off; we would like to meet them personally, of course, but the desire is passive, there is no longing for acquaintance. Not so with Edward Roland Sill, who wrote the little volume before me. Many, I am sure, must sometimes look away hard from its pages as they recall that their friend and teacher died before his work was finished; while we who never saw him feel he must be yet within reach where we too may know him soon. He lives in these letters and essays, as in his poems, like a host with us for familiar guests,—there's an easy thing to say, but you still would have him give you more, you have an instinct tells you here is a man to take your utmost confidence and give you generous and patient help in all your ambitions, doubts, and disappointments.

Mr. Sill held the chair of English literature at Berkeley, from '74 to '83, a concrete refutation of the popular idea that university professors cannot enter the field of letters untrammelled by the academic or the pedantic. Read in this book at random for an hour, you do not so much as notice the complete absence of any such burden, even when, as in an acute analysis of Shakespeare's dramatic use of prose, he is giving merely what he annually gave his college classes. Or turn to the Nature sketches, where you share his frank delight in cloud ramblings, his quick response to the message of the seasons and the stars, his love for bird-life—he actually tamed a pair of young humming-birds, and writes about them and these other things of outdoors with a sympathy and a keenness of observation that I confess I do not find surpassed in Thoreau or Burroughs. A close analysis of the correct use of "shall" and "will" makes you laugh, despite its hard thwacks upon yourself. Philosophical essays—remarkably exhaustive for their brevity—on the function of the College, on the "Principles of Criticism," on the distinction between "Right" and "Ought," are almost as luminous in language and construction as those of Spencer—whom Mr. Sill often quotes in agreement or disagreement—while they possess a grace and sweetness all their own.

Many of the essays appeared under the anonymity, often grateful to him, of the Contributors' Club in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Not only their titles, but also oftentimes their manner, whimsical yet earnest, keen yet good-natured, remind one distinctly of Lamb; both men have the same aptness in beginning and ending, the same power to take a homely subject and make it verily aglow with humor and wisdom. The provoking thing in these papers is that you are constantly led to exclaim, "Confound the man, that's just what I've always wanted to say myself!"

Not the least valuable part of the collection is the series of letters, filled with the same "eager personality" that is face to face with you in the essays and sketches. And if in all this outpouring there is any chief recurring ambition for himself and you and me, it is expressed in his ideal of art, of education, of life itself, that they shall give, not bread and raiment, not pleasure, not even happiness, but life, and shall give it, as he quotes from Jesus, "*more abundantly.*"

TRACY RANDALL KELLEY.

## A Word About Photographers.



VEN in this country, where new ideas are taken up eagerly and utilized rapidly, unhampered by the stagnating influence of old traditions, the fact that the photographic camera is more than a mere mechanical contrivance, that it actually has become an instrument for the obtaining of results of true artistic value, is only gradually being recognized. This is chiefly due to the conservatism of the average professional photographer, whose authoritative and dictatorial statements undoubtedly exercise a certain influence on the public taste. The man who for a good many years has been making photographs for a living, knows, of course, what a photograph ought to be, and he does not realize that with the vast improvement of his implements other and wider possibilities have been laid into his hands. Just as it was ten years ago, he is to-day satisfied with obtaining

a sharp negative (the merest tyro in photography can do that without any difficulty), that is to be touched up until every trace of individuality has been removed, and by printing on a medium that will bring out as much detail as possible. To embellish the finished picture he will put under it in big letters "Tridium Process," or "Paris Panel," or some similar nonsensical term, or he may make of his otherwise good print a "bas-relief," which, to him, designates the acme of perfection, but which, to the uneducated mind of an ordinary mortal, has no greater artistic value than the ginger-cakes "mother used to make." He cannot conceive why now something more should be required of him than a good mechanical training; why it should be necessary for him to study seriously the masters of painting, to train his eye constantly, to develop a faculty of selection, an ability of massing light and shade, of composing lines simply and effectively, and that his camera-made picture must be judged according to the same standard as those made with brush and pencil.

This high view of photography was not taken by the man who has made the production of pictures with the camera his business, but rather by his harmless and dangerous rivals, the "amateurs." When the technical difficulties of making photographs had been reduced to a minimum, they stepped forward, realizing that their time had come. Unhindered by the cobwebs of tradition, with very little reverence for the stale doctrines of their teachers, they boldly went to work. They were at liberty to make pictures after their own ideas; it did not matter if the public approved or did not approve of the results. With refreshing enthusiasm they tried the most impossible, and, using thousands of plates and films, they gradually learned the limitations and possibilities of their camera. Then they began to manage their experiments in a more systematic way and worked earnestly for a definite aim. They are not as easily satisfied as their "masters." In their landscape work they not only endeavor to produce a well-composed picture, but also strive to register the subtle and elusive effects of atmosphere and light. In portraits they are not satisfied to make good likenesses alone; they aim to perpetuate something of the soul and individuality of their sitter. By thus making pictures which have a certain affinity to the studies of the painter, they have done much to advance photography and to instruct the public about the possibilities of the camera.

In no country are amateur photographers more numerous than in California; the even climate and the ideal atmospheric conditions make the "Land of Sunshine" a veritable paradise for the camera-friend. With their undaunted enthusiasm and their foolish and good ideas, they will keep things going and prevent their professional brethren from falling asleep, and these, instead of looking down upon them because they are "only amateurs," ought to profit by them and study their failures and successes seriously. Then the time may come soon when "professional" and "artistic" photography will not be as incompatible terms as they now seem to be. And who knows? It may be California's good fortune to live up to what a misguided patriotic chronicler ("*Lloyd, Lights and Shades* in San Francisco," 1876), said about this city twenty-five years ago: "San Francisco has led in the art of photography; her photographic artists have not only been progressive as to excellence of workmanship, but also inventive, and nowhere has greater excellence in photography been reached than here."

ARNOLD GENTHE.

# Some Remarks by "Jay" the Dog upon the Pleasures and Importance of Tail-wagging.



DOGS are the closest friends of children and men. Children come first for a dog's love, because of their understanding, and because dogs and children can but poorly tell of all that is in their hearts; dogs have *no words* and children but *few*. The "Boy" has asked me to tell of some adventure in my life, but when I come to put the words down, I seem to think of no adventure which I care to speak of—for I am full of more serious matters—besides, to tell of any of my great doings would take too much time. I do not want you to think that my life has been without strange and wonderful doings, that is not so, for it is crowded every day with many things worth telling, but I feel more like first letting them know of a Dog's nature, his thoughts, pleasures and feelings. I will do this, and some day I will speak of my "Great fight with Ugly-mug," or my "Long watch at the Door," or "How I saved Boy," or "The Terrible Cat Killing." (I was *blood wild* when I got into the last, so my *good side* shames me now.) These are a few of many adventures I have had. If the children really want me to, I will tell of any one, or all sometime. To-day I hear the wind blowing from the *dear* south into the tree tops, the flies are making a singing sound, the sun is hot in spots on the ground, and many heavy smells come to my nose, each one with tempting colors—I sniff, and sniff and wish to shake myself hard and sharp to drop the laziness off me, and go to *seek* adventures not to *tell* of them. To-day is a great tail-wagging time, so I must tell of the great pleasure I have in it, and it may be when I get started on that subject I will speak of nothing else. I have a splendid tail for wagging purposes and it is a constant joy and satisfaction to me. *First*—in the order of good waggings—is the "Wag of deep love" for your Boy or Man friend—of course it is full of differences according to the time or place, or Dog, but in the main it is the same, and love is love wherever the place be; so, the wag is slow and sure from side to side and half way in the air, never tight nor rigid, it goes with ears neither back nor forward too far and the eye light is soft and appealing. *Second*—comes the "Great joy wag." This is begun with yaps, barks, whines away down in the throat, then jumps, runs, and licking of the hands, with violent wags every which way, all at once and well mixed up together; when you get a little settled down and sure the Master is there, well, happy and loving you, you trot behind and smell his heel once in awhile, lick his hand to make him look at you—then the last of the "joy wag" is to twist your body into a crook, as crooked as possible and wag sideways, stiff, and with little contented jerks—this is the dearest wag of all, a good dog loves it most, though it may not be so important as "deep love," but it is felt all over the body and into the heart (dogs with bad dispositions cannot wag this way). *Third*—is the "Wag of alertness," and is used on many different occasions, but always when the mind is awake, keen and watchful. This wag is somewhat hard to describe, for it is purely "*dog*" and needs *understanding* more than *words* to show what it means but you can easily tell it, and know right well what it is. The wag may be seen when I am at a rat hole and is wagged to show that I know you are there and that I like you, but I do not want to be disturbed, or when I want to get after "Jerry," the cat, but don't dare, or when I see a stranger dog, that may be either friend or foe. To do this wag properly you must draw your tail as high up as possible, keeping it very stiff, then wag short and sharp, being careful to have it equal on each side, for if it should become one-sided you will loose grip of yourself and appear undignified as well; the ears should be thrust sharply forward and never budged until things are settled, or the strain is no longer necessary. *Fourth*—The "Dream wag." This one may not seem very important in the way of general wags nor am I sure it should be *fourth* on the list, but it is to me very strange and interesting, leaving a great impression on my awakened mind. I carry a misty memory of it about with me when I am not very busy and on moonlight nights. There may be natural reasons for the "dream wag," as for instance, a fly on the ear where the hair is thin, too much heat from the fire,

or a flea in the middle of your back, but *I* think it is caused by going into another world where wags change their methods, and dogs speak with men's words. "Boy" says my "dream wag" is queer and makes him afraid, and that I give hitchy jerks at the very end of my tail *seven times*, my jaws jerk and twitch, and my whine sounds far off in a distant dog. I sometimes remember my dream; it is mixed, pain, pleasure and strangeness. I could tell you a dog dream if I had time. *Fifth*—next comes the "Scratching wag." I might have left this one out, for some people will think it is not important, but it has always seemed to me, that to get a pleasure without hurting anyone else or injuring yourself was perfectly right, and scratching your back hurts no one and gives you great happiness. The wag that goes along with this is almost any wag you want to make use of, varied according to the goodness or poorness of the scratching. I find that under the barn one can enjoy a fine continuous scratch in peace and quiet, if only the floor is neither too high nor too low and there are no green-eyed cats looking on—then there is a pleasant mystery and uncertainty about it all, and considerable satisfaction in knowing that no one sees how much fun you are having, or thinks you are a weak character because your wags are so mixed up with growls. All that I have told you has been of the *happy* side of a dog's life, that is so far as his *tail* is concerned, and I am loath to say anything of the *sixth* wag which expresses *all* sorrow—but it may be my words will sink deep into the heart of some boy, so deep that he will never stand still unrebelling, when he sees a "fear wag." A dog's joy is all blotted out by cruelty and abuse, and he is never the same again, having once been "cowed." Think of a *tail wagging* when he crawls along on his belly, twisting and squirming in trembling terror, with eyes full of fear and prayer. What would a *smile* upon your lips be, if terror—a panic—filled your heart, and your body drew together to receive a *blow*? When *I* see that sight I get the *blood fury* and fear that some day I shall do terrible things to the coward of cowards, the low Man, who uses his mind and strength to flood a *dumb* creature's life with fear, and makes a *tail to wag* in cringing terror, when it should only be wagged for love, joy and keen thinking. — — — I have now told you of the *six great waggings* and nothing else, because they seemed to me so important. Of course the tail is used in different ways by different dogs (but look out for the dog that never wags, or has no tail; wags and smiles make the heart kind). Barks, growls, yelps and whines express a great deal, but I would give them all up rather than the *five* joyful waggings. If the children want to know more about a dog's life, why he howls at the moon, growls in his sleep, loves to chase cats, *hates* some people, loves children—or anything of *dog's knowledge about dogs*—let them write to me. Now, the sun is soft and warm, the flies sing with their wings, streaks of blue smell come out of the wood, and over the fields. I am going to see what I may find. Wag joytully! good-by. Wag joyfully! good-by.

MORGAN SHEPARD.

## PRIZES.

We are going to give four books to four children; this is how:

To the little girl from 11 to 13 years old who sends us the best story.

To the little girl from 7 to 10 years old who sends us the best story.

To the boy from 9 to 11 who sends us the best story.

To the boy from 12 to 14 who sends us the best story.

The story shall be judged by a man who likes boys and girls and knows how they feel and think. The stories must be sent to us by August 1st, and the best four shall be published in this paper. The books we give shall be *good ones*, and costing no more than \$2.00 each. The children who don't win a prize must all know that we are very much obliged, and that we will keep the stories they wrote among the things we love most.



## Notes.



AST year the publication of Gulland's *Chinese Porcelain* supplied what was greatly needed by collectors and students of ceramics—a condensed but complete volume of information on that subject. Nevertheless, it had been possible to secure assistance without it, as the field had often, though inadequately, been treated in various general works, but of another Eastern art, and one of great beauty and fascinating interest there has thus far been absolutely no attempt at a comprehensive work. The announcement, therefore, of a forthcoming book, *Oriental Rugs*, by John Kimberley Mumford, is of special interest, and if it proves to be as thorough and complete a study as that of Gulland it will be most thankfully received. As yet we have information only that it is to be a large octavo volume, with thirty illustrations, sixteen of them colored, and is to cost about \$5.

*Prophets of the Nineteenth Century*—CARLYLE, RUSKIN, and TOLSTOY—by Mary Alden Ward, is a little volume of three biographical essays, giving not only pleasant glimpses of their lives, but also effective summaries of the ideas to which these earnest men devoted themselves. With the one the gospel of *work*, "If you have anything to do, DO IT;" with the other the gospel of *beauty*, and with the third the gospel of *love*, the three blending in the harmony of their ideals into the great burden of honesty, sincerity in all expression.

Following the teaching of the prophets just mentioned, in this age of imitations and substitutes, of paper with machine-made deckle, one receives with keenest pleasure an exception to the general rule, a volume of simple excellence and honest materials. And this we have in the one before us, with its genuine paper, thick, solid boards, and substantial buckram covering, enriched by its mitered gold design. The edition is limited to three hundred copies, but it would not matter were there many times that number were they all as carefully printed—we feel they must have been from type direct, although we are not told so—and as genuinely done. The book is entitled *Sonnets and Madrigals of Michelangelo Buonarroti*, rendered into English verse by William Wells Newell, but, in reality, it is something more and yet something less than this. Something more, inasmuch as it is also an estimate of Michelangelo as a poet, the introduction being a carefully conceived essay of appreciation, and the notes rather elaborate discussions of the poems in detail; yet something less, inasmuch as it is only a selection of the sonnets that is given.

A comparison of Mr. Newell's translation with the classic rendering of John Addington Symonds will doubtless be of interest. We select the first sonnet, following:

## Translation of William Wells Newell.

From heaven he came, and clothed in mortal clay,  
Traversed the vengeful and the chastening woes,  
Living, again toward height eternal rose,  
For us to win the light of saving day;  
Resplendent star, whose undeserved ray  
Made glory in the nest where I had birth;  
Whose recompense not all a stained earth,  
But Thou his Maker, Thou alone couldst pay.  
Dante I mean, and that unfair return  
Endured from a community ingrate,  
That only to the just awardeth scorn;  
Would I were he! To equal fortune born,  
For his pure virtue, for his exile stern,  
I would resign earth's happiest estate.

## Translation of John Addington Symonds.

From heaven his spirit came, and, robed in clay,  
The realms of justice and of mercy trod:  
Then rose a living man to gaze on God,  
That he might make the truth as clear as day.  
For that pure star, that brightened with his ray  
The undeserving nest where I was born,  
The whole wide world would be a prize to scorn;  
None but his Maker can due guerdon pay.  
I speak of Dante, whose high work remains  
Unknown, unhonoured by that thankless brood,  
Who only to just men deny their wage.  
Were I but he! Born for like lingering pains,  
Against his exile coupled with his good  
I'd gladly change the world's best heritage!



A very charming edition of John Addington Symonds' translation of *The Sonnets of Michelangelo* is to be had in THE OLD WORLD SERIES, published by Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Maine. For some years past Mr. Mosher has been producing books of the most exquisite beauty, remaining true always to the highest ideal of classic simplicity in his typographic art; and that notwithstanding the popular success of moiré silk and flexible ooze leather of a blatant press in the East. All of his books are printed direct from the type, the paper is hand-made, and the binding exquisite, though often, unfortunately, lacking the substantial quality of which such art is worthy. His list now includes a goodly number of works in belles-lettres, and their selection seems to have been guided by an almost unerring judgment.

D. P. E.

## REVIEWS.

GEORGE MEREDITH, SOME CHARACTERISTICS.

By Richard S. Gallienne. John Lane. \$1.50.

THE RELIGION OF DEMOCRACY. By Charles

Ferguson. Elder and Shepard. \$0.50.

THE PROSE OF EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

WHEN WE DEAD AWAKEN. By Henrik Ibsen.

H. S. Stone & Co. \$1.25.

LIFE OF JAMES DWIGHT DANA. By D. C. Gilman. Harper & Bros. \$2.50.

SONNETS OF MICHELANGELO—Translated by W. W. Newell. Houghton. \$2.50 net.

SONNETS OF MICHELANGELO—Translated by J. A. Symonds. T. B. Mosher. \$1.00 net.

PROPHETS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By M. A. Ward. Little, Brown & Co. \$0.75.

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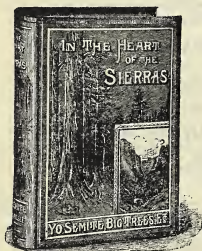
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a lyttle summe) Furthre • in ye earlie mornynge a Manne pat goeth on  
hys daillie mattys, may here break his fast in ryght goodlie fashon for  
lyttle monie, & that he eateth will make his lypes to smack merrylie  
for ye cookyng herat he like unto Home Cookyng  
Mid-daye, too, seeith a goodlie Luncheon • • Furthre knowe ye, after ye  
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to-geythre to satysfy anie longyng they mayhap have for Iced drynkes,  
newe & old, creame made into flavoured ice • • • (ryghte refreshyng it be)  
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The publishers will be glad to have subscribers send them the addresses of such of their friends as would be interested in receiving sample copies. The magazine will be sent to the summer address of subscribers if notification is given of the change.

## In the Old Book Room



READERS of *Impressions* are, by now, doubtless familiar with the variety and interest of the monthly importations received by *The Old Book Room*. Messrs. Elder and Shepard also import many works in fulfillment of special commissions, and they offer their services in the search for rare books, or in the development of special collections. Following is a partial list of some of the works expected this month:

VILLARI'S MACHIAVELLI. 4 vols. 1878. SAVONAROLA. 2 vols. 1863. In all 6 vols. Half morocco.

LEWES' LIFE AND WRITINGS OF GOETHE. 2 vols. 8vo. Half calf.

BELL'S POETS. 29 vols. 12mo. 1855. Half morocco.

PEPYS' & EVELYN'S DIARIES. 10 vols. 8vo. 1828, etc. Full calf.

UZANNE'S SON ALTESSE LA FEMME. Royal 8vo. Colored Plates. Paris. 1885. Full Levant.

BYRON'S WORKS. 6 vols. 8vo. 1855. First issue of best library edition. Half calf.

DEAN MILMAN'S POEMS. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo. 1839. Half calf.

THOMSON'S SEASONS. Illustrated with wood cuts. 4to. 1847. Full morocco, gilt.

TOUR IN NORMANDY. 2 vols. Fully illustrated. Royal 8vo. 1820. Full morocco.

IRELAND'S HOGARTH. 3 vols. Royal 8vo. Boydell. 1791. Fine old full morocco.

CUNNINGHAM'S GOLDSMITH. 4 vols. 8vo. 1854. Fine full calf.

BOOK OF COSTUME. By a Lady of Rank. Illustrated. 8vo. 1846. Half morocco.

LES FRANCAIS PEINTS PAR EUX-MEMES. 9 vols. Royal 8vo. Paris. 1841, etc. Illustrated by Gavarni, etc. Half morocco.

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## California and the Human Ideal.



IN HIS diurnal bathos as the sun descends from the Sierras and drops over the edge of the West, he leaves behind, in his last shimmer of Tamalpais, the world's highest hope of the arts—and this it is easy to show. For the energy of art is in a man's assurance that he is not the quintessence of clay but the molder and master of the clay; and the axiom of all the arts is the absoluteness of the human ideal. So it comes to pass that the nerve, the stamina of artistic creation, increases with the rise of the market-value of a man.

The artist, having settled it with himself that he is not the subject of laws, but the object and maker of laws, is the first of all democrats and the father of all. And since the course of the spiritual conquest of democracy runs from Pekin and Lassa, west, it stands to reason that the last and crowning chance of the fine arts is in the vicinity of San Francisco.

But consider these propositions with a little care:

First, that the spirit of fine art is a blithe religious faith that a man can, after all, make himself at home in this difficult world and find in its reluctant elements the answer to his heart's desire. Without this faith there is craft, the clank of iron and hiss of steam, the sack of nature and the moan of joyless cities—but there is no art. Art is a vehement and importunate Olmsonian—but he is in love. He will not take Nature's No for answer—yet it is with a tender rudeness, sure of his mistress' heart, that he presses upon the breast of the earth his law. It has been found out that men can build big, painted houses and run steep cable cars without faith in God, but they cannot build a city that sits light and sovereign on the hills, while the intimate heart of them is homesick and infidel with the denial of the authenticity of the ideal and the homestead rights of the soul. The spirit of art, then, is nothing but unsophisticated faith.

And, second, this spirit of art is exactly the same thing as the democratic spirit. For democracy is the revolt of the soul against blind forces and an alien and unintelligible law. It is the discovery of the legitimacy of the catholic wish and will—the things that a man cares for. And it is the announcement that the frame of the universe is adjusted to human ends, so that henceforth no conceivable design that is of human scope and free from the taint of privilege shall be set down as unachievable. This is the congé of precise, mechanical necessity and the long-faced, philistine Fates. It is the evangel of the victory of art.

So then, for a third proposition, as democracy grows with the advance of history westward, so grows the latent strength of art. The triumph of debonnaire, free-limbed humanity—serene in the inner law and just—lording it over the traditions of the scribes, the theorems of a cowed and faithless science and all the old pedantries and hypocrisies—where else shall the world look for this, if it shall lose its hope of the West?

Europe is caught in the ruins of the old regime and dare not move for fear of bringing the mined and weakened walls about her ears. She looks to America for reassurance of a motive soul in things. England, to be sure is said to be democratic, but England knows only the politics of democracy—the omnipotence of parliament—it knows nothing of the omnipotence of the human ideal. It is fatalist, skeptic and pessimist, and its London a very Sahara of the arts. In its soul and essential religion England is separated from America by a moral gulf at least as wide as the Atlantic. And those people of England whose democracy goes down to the ground of religious faith and creative art are looking to America for sure-footed leadership and full-breathed inspiration.

As Europe looks to America, so in America the East looks to the West. The swift development of industrialism, with the apotheosis of the machine, has bound the East in the

spell of an economic fatalism, an obsession of the inevitableness and inhumanity of economic forces. The individual man in the lands of coal and iron is becoming a tool and instrument of production, happy to be a cog when he cannot be a pivot, and with his infinite existence reduced to a living job. This is fatal to religion, to democracy, and to the creative energy of the ideal.

The Middle West has been peopled by refugees from the economic stress and strain of Europe and the East, but the fatal facility of coal and iron has followed them into the Mississippi Valley, and the gigantic, world-clamping scheme of manufacture and mortgage has imposed itself upon all the trans-montane people like an infidel second nature which acknowledges no God and answers no prayers.

With California things are different. California, the lucky, coalless land of grass and trees, too far from Lombard Street for the confidence of mortgagees, walled off by the Rocky Mountains from the fatal solidarity of Eastern economics, peopled by men of the longest wind and most intrepid hope, the rascals and darlings of the earth with a vigilance committee for venerable tradition of law and prophets, blessed with cheap postage and high freights, feeling the universal pain but escaping the crushing steam-roller and the despair, living out-doors in the sunshine, sleeping under the stars and growing tall, California, it would seem, is reserved to be the fastness of democracy and the place for the building of the world-cities of art and song.

Strange that Californians should stand gazing back along the old trail, and that they should send to buy their poems on the shop-worn counters of Boston and New York! Especially strange is it when one considers those westward-running tides of liberty and that westward look of the East—dreaming always its wistful, ineffectual dream of the romance of the America that is to be, and thinking, half enviously, half hopefully, in its heart, that behind the mountains there are people who shall say what the East has not words to say and do what the East has not faith to do.

There is a theory of Chinese philosophers which they call the law of the potency of want, meaning to describe that spiritual principle of supply and demand which compels a man to rise to the height of the expectations that are entertained concerning him. By this token California should produce the consummate type and flower of Americanism, for it is unquestionably true that the wise men of the East, who sell us their story-books and sit in solemn judgment on our pictures, nudge themselves between whiles and nurse an expectation.

The spiritual orientation of America, the outlook of its heart and soul, is toward the West. Here on this Coast, if anywhere, the genius of democracy is to find its footing in the eternal, and grip the tools of a world-redeeming art. To the men of the East, life is a calculation and a problem, to the West, if the West shall fulfill its faith, life shall become an adventure and a poem. Certainly California will not expect to compete with the lapidaries of Canton and the verse-makers of Madison Square. It will consent to leave the art that is purely decorative to the skeptics and the in-doors folk who suppose that the world is hollow save for a thin rime of gilt. But the art that is genetic, that takes in all the trades and sciences, that searches the reins and makes the earth arterial to human blood, the art of the Prince of Nature, walking his blue-domed palace like a man at home—that is our kind—we will try for that.

CHARLES FERGUSON.

### Note.

Swinburne's *Laus Veneris* has been issued by Mr. T. B. Mosher in his charming little Vest Pocket Edition. This has long been a desideratum, as, with the exception of the pamphlet edition privately printed by Swinburne himself, the poem has never been separately issued. Swinburne's metrical arrangement was derived from a study of Fitzgerald's *Omar*, though he improved the quatrains by carrying over the rhyme from one stanza to another, which Fitzgerald did not do.

## French Portraits.



ANCE THOMPSON'S handsome volume of "French Portraits" is, to use a phrase of his own, "interesting rather than instructive"; or perhaps I may more correctly say that it is both interesting and instructive, though the instructiveness carries us beyond the author's intention. It is really a vastly entertaining book; but the amusement it furnishes is, after all, derived less from its exceedingly piquant and intimate treatment of a number of picturesque figures among the "writers of young France," than from its bizarre affectations of style, its whimsical irresponsibilities of judgment, and the attractive impudence of its "appreciations." For it is rather refreshing in these days of "scientific" interpretation to come across a critic who starts with the doctrine that a knowledge of Flaubert's liking for dining without his coat and shoes is worth pages of exegesis in the study of his work; who really believes that the authors he writes of belong to the great figures of literature; who is yet so "modern" as to foresee the day, not far distant, when even they will have become old-fashioned; and who sets down his opinions with a happy indifference to consistency, and in a language which continually reminds us of the tragedy of Babel.

One really cannot treat Mr. Thompson too seriously. He amuses us, and we are grateful; and there, perhaps, the matter should end. But if we once allowed ourselves to drop into the censorious mood, we should be obliged to expostulate with him in respect of his total, and even ludicrous lack of anything like critical perspective. He has lived so long with the "new" men of France and Belgium—with Verlaine, Mallarmé, Maeterlinck, Catulle Mendès, and dozens of others, not to know whom does not at all argue one's self unknown, that he has become narrow in sympathy and provincial in outlook, and sees his subjects out of all relation not only to the past, but also to the present. Verlaine, for example, is for him a great religious poet—perhaps "the only profoundly religious poet of our day." If, reading this statement, we instinctively recall the filthy, foul-mouthed, absinthe-steeped degenerate, whom George Moore once saw in bed, grimy, drunk, and blaspheming, it is Mr. Thompson's fault, not ours. It is his theory, we remember, that such personal details are of the essence of criticism. Again, he calls this same drunken vagabond in one place the greatest of French poets, in another, the greatest poet of this generation (possibly to one so "new" as Mr. Thompson, these two judgments mean one and the same thing). Verlaine's "Sagesse"—"a white lily plucked out of the plashed mire of a dirty and unquiet life"—is "the most beautiful book of poetry written since"—save the mark!—"Les Fleurs du Mal." And, throughout, Mr. Thompson shows the same tendency to indulge in meaningless or absurd superlatives. Verhaeren's second trilogy contains "the most important poems given to the world since"—again save the mark!—"Leaves of Grass"; the author of which, by the way, one of the very few English-writing poets that Mr. Thompson condescends to refer to, figures in these pages, rather surprisingly, as I think, as the "initiator" of a "new school." But then there are so many new schools! Retté's prefaces are, in the same way, the best since Dryden. Verlaine's influence on contemporary poetry was "deep," though he left no "disciples," and Barrès,—and it is really Barrès we are talking about, and not as we might hastily suppose from the language employed, Browning, or Spencer, or Ibsen—Barrès has had a "very great influence" upon the thought of his day. And so on, and so on. All this we might in our author's phraseology pronounce "inutile and fictive." I prefer more simply to call it nonsense.

I spoke of Mr. Thompson's book as instructive beyond the range of the author's intention. It will, I think, leave most English readers with a strong impression that the "writers of young France" have little enough to offer them, and that Owen Seaman was well advised when he protested that

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me  
'Tis not important to be new."

Thus the volume may not be altogether "inutile." And for the rest, as I have said, it is vastly entertaining.

WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON.

"When We Dead Awaken."—A Second View.



HIS is a translation of Henrik Ibsen's latest drama. Any translation is bound to lose part of the vividness of the original where the life is so intense as to need the play on every word for the interpreting of the whole. This lack is here felt, yet the work of translating is well done and interest never flags. Criticism has centered around what is declared to be the non-reality of the characters—a better word is the symbolism of the characters. The thought of the Far North has always so expressed itself. Nature's method of endowing men and women first of all with practicality is seemingly reversed. The motive forces of human nature are clothed with bodies and endowed with life. Such beings regard all that is external to these, including their nearest associates, as material completely subject to the molding power of the motive that rules them. Impractical as this is as a method of life, it has a certain effectiveness as a method of art. To picture half-true motives as completely controlling these lives, sincere even to utter recklessness, is to warn against the narrowing of life. Ibsen's purpose is to point a moral—that men and women are not merely playmates, but primarily co-workers. And the action of the play is in bringing together those who have some common ground of aspiration.

Maia plays the part of absolute irresponsibility. The uncouth Ulfheim, whom she at last consents to wed, is, as the world goes, her equal—she has as much to learn from him as he from her. She can teach him propriety and he can teach her that this life is more than play by giving her children of her own. The only hope of either's accomplishing any good is that their children will be better than they. And any fact or question concerning them is comparatively subordinate.

The interest centers in the relation of Rubek and Irene. Irene is insane, yet has much that is human in her. Her insanity was in not knowing whether Rubek, whom she has been separated from and yet loved all her life, is human or devilish, and this doubt is so crystallized in her that the change from one theory to the opposite is back and forth in a moment. She feels an impulse to kill him, and as quickly returns to her love of him. In the finale she trusts him completely, and with that regains possession of herself. Yet the fierceness of the mental struggle has been such as to leave her mind unable to grasp but one thought—that she had regained him. She alone knew of the mortal dangers that surrounded them, but her mind refused to bring that knowledge to consciousness, and the meaning of the play is brought out by their giving their lives rather than forsaking their work of doing what they can to solve the mystery of life. They had lived most of their lives apart from each other. Then, in order to meet, they break every tie that the history of the world has proved it best to strengthen. Their hope lay in one another unregardful of all else. Their striving is great, and they sacrifice themselves to their idealism. They refuse in the last moment to seek the comfortable shelter that they know is "of the earth, earthy." Rubek again, as in earlier parts of his life, feels that sense desire profanes his soul and makes him unable to accomplish what they are striving for. And Irene, with the same feeling and with equal unconcern for surrounding dangers, is one with him in his attempt to mount "right up to the summit of the tower that shines in the sunrise." The storm envelopes them and they die together.

Ibsen has pictured life and history—one-sided idealism again perishing—and practicality, though almost irredeemably sensual, occupying the earth. No answer is given to the problem of the play—how shall we dead awaken in this world? Partial answer would have been given if Rubek had, when he first knew Irene, recognized in her another being with aims and inspirations equal to his own. He did not realize that separation would render both of them helpless, dividing their lives into the useless halves of sensuality and uninspired drudgery.

E. W. P.



## An Appraisal of Robinson Crusoe.



DOUBTLESS De Foe's masterpiece has "stood out all appeals" and become a landmark, if not a classic, of English literature. The first novel of adventure and the first essay in realistic story-telling cannot be discredited by discussion. Moreover, few men of middle age—one cannot be sure of the generation coddled by *St. Nicholas* and his brethren—can question the relationship of *Robinson Crusoe* to their earliest and most elemental impressions of seas and islands. But any attempt to revive these influences in the light of experience is bound to lead to disenchantment. In the first place, one finds a mass of moral reflections, all of which have become either obsolete or obvious beyond the limit of human interest or endurance. Of course, these may have been skipped in youthful reading, or one may have encountered an abridged edition. Even publishers have responded to the demands of human nature—though Dr. Johnson said that the book was almost the only one he had wished longer. In any case, the morals have been forgotten by most of us, and so we are bound to forgive them and to repeat that salt water covers a multitude of sins—artistic as well as didactic.

One fact illustrates the inadequacy of the critical faculty in youth or in those who cater for them: *Swiss Family Robinson* stands side by side with its original. Now, the imitation is as baldly didactic as *Sandford and Merton*; edification is multiplied by adding a kindergarten and a menagerie to the resources of Crusoe's island. Yet children read it; and parents buy it without recognizing the taint of unreality. The truth is that the *Swiss Family* belongs to the dark ages of the Sunday School Library.

Another school of fiction deriving its vitality from De Foe has Jules Verne as its most popular representative. A pretense of realism is kept up by the reckless use of technical terms, by juggling with figures, and by muddled misinterpretations of scientific method. Character appears only in the crude outlines of caricature. The narrative is a series of incredibilities entangled in clumsy machinery. Of course, *Robinson Crusoe* is better stuff than this, but it deals in similar material, in mechanical rubbish, as well as in superfluous morality. Let us be thankful that its hero is no juvenile paragon and that he wins none of the horse races or other sporting events which compel admiration from American novel readers.

Since De Foe cannot be held responsible for the excesses of his imitators or for the aberrations of other purveyors of juvenile fiction—the falsest, and therefore, the most immoral branch of modern literary traffic—why should his eulogists be called to account? A sufficient answer may be found in the works of certain prominent educators—they were teachers before they began to go abroad and write books—who found German schoolmasters using a revised version of *Robinson Crusoe* as the chief text-book under the Herbartian system of coordinating studies with life. Doubtless Herbart was right in essential theory, and who shall say that he was wrong in choosing the *Odyssey* for organizing human interest in the minds of his pupils? Certainly, it cannot be replaced by cramming more edification into the over-stuffed pages of *Robinson Crusoe* and offering our children an ideal version—made in Germany.

The proposal curiously illustrates the most deplorable fact that *Crusoe* is out of date in America; neither of these advocates had ventured to attempt its perusal. They actually think that there were no goats on Crusoe's island and praise the German tact which had substituted those familiar beasts for the llamas they suppose to have been in the author's mind. School-book science associates llamas with Chile; Juan Fernandez belongs to Chile; Selkirk was marooned on Juan Fernandez. Such are the links in scholastic reasoning! As a matter of fact, goats were Selkirk's principal gift to Crusoe. Otherwise De Foe knew nothing of any island in the Pacific. His victim was shipwrecked on the island of Tobago off the mouth of the Orinoco and the country of the Caribs. Every nautical, geographic, and climatic detail asserts this identification.

De Foe made little use of the story of Selkirk and his neglect of a charming sketch of the adventures of a Moskito Indian, contained in Dampier's *Voyages*, is much to be re-



gretted. He must have read both tales—there is literary evidence of that—but he missed the moral of each story, the true, unconventional moral of manhood on a desert island. For, in spite of Crusoe, courage is the first requisite when man has to fight a battle with nature. Along with that go health and hardness of body, devotion to fresh air, personal cleanliness, athletic training, and manly disregard of all superfluous comforts and proprieties.

Now what were Crusoe's chief activities? First, accumulation; next, fortification; thus he stocked a warehouse with the plunder of wrecks, piling up food which he could never eat, and junk of all sorts for which there were neither purchasers nor artificers available. Having satisfied the instinct of a "Complete English Tradesman," he proceeds to seek the fate which Caliban cursed, "In the hard rock you sty me!" Crusoe dug a cave and excluded light and air by mounds, stockades, and thickets. In that lair he burrowed among mouldy goods, rank pelts, and musty straw. After victualing and barricading this unsanitary arsenal, Crusoe devoted another fraction of his life to the tailor's art, using goatskins for garments of the orthodox English type. He alleges an unwholesome modesty as an excuse for these stifling and chafing habiliments. Even Man Friday had to endure the affliction of trousers.

Crusoe could not go back to nature. His agriculture was that of an English farm, though his island was a famous tropical garden where Caribs used to gather harvests of choice fruits, the very Caribs whom De Foe depicted as insatiable cannibals. *The Ballad of Little Billee* fairly summarizes Crusoe's dietetic imagination—ship's beef and biscuit or cannibalistic indulgence. Now, Dampier, whose experience covered more lands and seas than De Foe's imagination, put no faith in tales of anthropophagi. Anyhow, they are unfit for childish readers.

Had De Foe cared to blend the true story of Selkirk with that of the Moskito who had the same fate, how many generations of boys might have learned lessons of courage and self-reliance, of seamanship and woodcraft. Selkirk trained himself to capture wild goats by running barefoot over the rocks. The gallant Moskito converted his gun-barrel into harpoons and hooks and made the sea his hunting-ground. Both were chased by cruel enemies, by Spaniards ever eager to put buccaneers to the torture. Yet neither of them dug holes to hide in, but each found health in fresh air, sleeping in frail huts on an airy "barbecue" or platform of sticks.

Let the youngsters be nourished and animated by stories of adventure which reduce civilization to its rudiments. But let the tales be inspired by realities of imagination or experience.

CARLOS GILMAN CALKINS, U. S. N.

## THE OLD BOOK ROOM.

### Libraries in the Middle Ages.



ANY lovers of literature hold that books are now too cheap; that poor ink, inferior paper, and shabby bindings, degrade the precious intellectual treasures which they reproduce and contain. These persons deplore the fact that books are beginning to be treated like any other kind of merchandise; manufactured at the lowest possible cost, and sold at department stores along with wash-tubs, bath sponges, and patent medicines, by salesmen who do not know the difference between the "Pilgrim's Progress" and the "Innocents Abroad." It may be that the process of cheapening has gone too far, and that if good books were somewhat more difficult to obtain, and in their outer form more pleasing to the cultivated taste, we should value them more highly and read them more sedulously. But be this as it may, few of us would care to go back to the other extreme; to the time when books were scarce and hard to get, and protected so carefully from the profaning touch of the common herd, that thousands of worthy and intelligent men lived and died without ever having held a volume in their hands. Six hundred years ago, when the art of printing had not yet been invented (or brought by



Marco Polo from China), every book was laboriously copied out by hand, and readers were few and easily satisfied. Even at Oxford there were no books whatever except a few tracts kept in chests. To borrow a volume, in those days, was a serious matter, and heavy bonds or pledges were required for their safe return. Ingulphus states that at the Abbey of Croyland any loan whatever was prohibited under pain of excommunication, a penalty which might easily be as severe as the gallows. The library of Glastonbury Abbey, probably the most extensive in England, possessed in 1248 but four books in the English language, though Latin treatises were of course more numerous.

The arrangements for the safe-keeping of these manuscripts were often very interesting. In the "Customs" of the Augustinian priory of Barnwell, written toward the end of the thirteenth century, occurs the following: "The press in which the books are kept ought to be lined inside with wood, that the damp of the walls may not moisten or stain the books. This press should be divided vertically as well as horizontally by sundry partitions, on which the books may be ranged so as to be separated from one another: for fear they be packed so close as to injure each other, or to delay those who want them." John Leland, the English antiquary, in describing one of the castles of the Percy family, which he visited in the early part of the sixteenth century, says: "One thing I liked extremely in one of the towers; that was a study called Paradise; where was a closet in the middle of eight latticed squares; and at the top of every square was a desk ledged to set books on, on cofers within them, and these seemed to be joined hard to the top of the closet; and yet, by pulling, one or all would come down breast high in rabbets (or grooves), and serve for desks to lay books on."

Mr. Putnam, in his work on "Books and Their Makers," gives some interesting particulars of the custom of chaining the books to the shelves for additional safety. He tells us that the system of chaining, as adopted in England, would allow of the books being readily taken down from the shelves, and placed on the lectern for reading. One end of the chain was attached to the middle of the upper edge of the right hand-cover; the other to a ring which played on a bar which was set in front of the shelf on which the book stood. The fore-edge of the books (not the back, as with us,) was turned to the front. A swivel, usually in the middle of the chain, prevented tangling. The chains varied in length according to the distance of the shelf from the desk.

We cannot close this brief paper better than by quoting (from Putnam) an "advertisement" which was found inscribed in a copy of Locke's "Treatise on the Epistles," printed in 1711. "Since, to the great reproach of the nation, and a much greater one of our Holy Religion, the thievish disposition of some that enter into libraries to learn there no good, hath made it necessary to secure the innocent books, and even the sacred volumes themselves, with chains (which are better deserved by those ill persons who have too much learning to be hanged and too little to be honest), care should be taken that hereafter, as additions shall be made to this library (of which there is a hopeful expectation), the chains should neither be longer nor more clumsy than the use of them requires, and that the loops whereby they are fastened to the books may be riveted on such a part of the cover, and so smoothly, as not to gall or raze the books while they are removed from or to their respective places." Times are better now, but those pernicious persons "who have too much learning to be hanged and too little to be honest" are still found in all large libraries. They even infest our shelves at academic Berkeley.

EDWARD BULL CLAPP.



## Further Opinions of "Jay"—also a Brief Discourse Upon the "Mystery Smell."



ALL men fully know that a Dog is a Dog for certain reasons, as is a Man a Man. One Man is of one kind, and another is no less a Man because his mind and way of thinking differs from another, so these thoughts I tell you out of my heart, and in my own way. Another kind of Dog would tell them in a fashion of his own and from his point of view. Few Dogs have gone along the road of Life's Days with their wits so keen to notice things and their hearts so open to true judgment as I, still, be it not thought by those who may read these words, that a high opinion of my own power to see has blinded me to what is plainly so. Most surely I have the virtues of an honest, healthy, wet-nosed Dog (and no great credit do I take to myself, for I find happiness in my virtue, and happiness I seek first). It must be known that first of all I have a full knowledge of the *five great wags*, and a skill and understanding to use them at times and places most fitting. I never let confusion or fear into my mind to mix and weaken my actions or judgment. I look well to the position of my tail at all times, for a weak tail unfits the body and mind of a Dog, and will bring confusion and foolishness into his life. I hold fast to alertness and dignity, so during a Day I see from the ends of my eyes and learn, when it is thought I go without aim, or seek only new smells. I find great satisfaction in all this, for I gather wisdom undisturbed and unknown to others—each new thing settled in my mind adds to my power and importance. Never a day passes that I do not find use for the learning of the day before. I have settled in my mind some Laws for a Dog's behavior in life, which, if observed, will bring peace and happiness to him, and win more of man's consideration and respect. Here follow the laws: *First*—Be kindly towards all, giving love to but few and *full love* to one. Do not love often, for much loving lessens the fullness of love and puts treachery into your heart. *Second*—Greet all friends with the eyelight of gentleness and smiles (and a "greeting wag" if you feel inclined), and so make the day sunny-warm. *Third*—Do not bear about with you the rigid tail of suspicion, or the back bristles upwards, thereby opening hearts to hatred and misunderstanding. *Fourth*—Make friends, for the more you have the greater your power and the happier your days; but do not slobber in the making of them, for a wet mouth accomplishes nothing. *Fifth*—When in a strange country be ever alert, using your gathered wisdom in all snooping, but do not go into dark holes, where often lurk green-eyed cats. *Sixth*—Go about your business with modesty and dignity, but with an erect tail and a sure purpose of doing it well. *Seventh*—Keep your nose out of the track of a row—never sniff to find a fight, but pass around the place. Nothing is ever gained in a looked-for row. *Eighth*—Fight but seldom in all of a life time, and when you do let it be for defense or justice, do it well, saving your fore legs and your honor. *Ninth*—Eat enough to keep you well, and get some extra good things if you can, but carefully avoid gorging. *Tenth*—Seize all the joy you can that robs no other, for happiness is the south wind of the Heart's health.—Now an observance of these Laws takes nothing from a Dog's freedom, neither does it make of him a prig or a hypocrite. I have noted that when a man tells a tale of adventure or speaks of the wisdom he has gathered he makes many words of it—he has not the habit of mixing together his opinions and thoughts as they come into his mind. That is not a Dog's way, for everything with us is short according to Man's time. We have not the length of days of Man. The fullness of life comes soon, and the going down to the end is with us ere we know it. So between the rising of each sun come many emotions—joy, love, hatred, seeking, longing, and adventures, and a Day sees the Heart crowded with all that may be the full experience of a Man's long year. So it is that *we* count not time by days or years—we count only a life. Therefore, to those who read these words I say look for no continued or connected tale, neither look for opinions of a kind following one upon the other. As a Dog I shall speak of the things that come to my mind, mixed up they will be, as Man looks at things, but true as a Dog acts and thinks. So let your mind down to the mind of a Dog, and bear on you

the covering of *sympathy* and *simplicity*. So I will tell of the "*Smell of Mystery*." It comes to a Dog all unexpected and at all times and places. Never can I summon it to me by a will of my own, or find it by sniffing. Neither can I fully tell of it here, for only fragments of an understanding may I take hold of, and that little gives me no power to show reasons or causes. The "*Smell of Mystery*" came to me this Summer Day. I was sitting on the porch with my hind quarters on one step and my fore legs on a lower one. The "Boy," my loved friend, was with me. His mind was in the bushes, or the skies, maybe, for he spoke no words and wishes unshaped were in his eyes. Silence was around us save for the buzzing of bugs and the scraping of leaves. My heart was full of love and yearning for the Boy, but my tail was in no way moved to wagging. "Mystery" came in the gentle wind and smote my wet nose, which set it to twitching *sidewise*. I sniffed and licked to get its taste and color, but I know no name or shape to give it. My eyes were wistful and uncertain, a whine came out of me away down in my chest, sharp and through a tight throat. A great desire to go seek, I knew not what, came into me. With unwagging tail I left the "Boy" (mayhap he solved the mystery). When I have the "*Smell of Mystery*" in my nose I go right along the track of it with a perfect certainty of soon finding the source of it all, and with a bearing of perfect self-confidence—never is my trot uncertain or halting. To-day I went over the field and through the orchard, along the hedge of green—all places were familiar, and often-sought spots, but with Mystery upon me, they seem small and undesired. It was with none of my known places. An Enemy Dog ran for me with a rush of fierceness, but I turned upon him with tail and ears of warning alertness. I wagged short and sharp, keeping my legs very stiff the while, and with mincing step went around him. I did not even growl, but the Enemy Dog saw something in me which made him turn about and walk stiff-legged away, with bristles up. He looked back now and again to see if I would run, but I did not, so he pushed through the hedge and then began fast barks of defiance. (I have but a poor opinion of that Dog.) So I loosened up when I was out of sight and went about my "Mystery" business. I went along the line of smell, and in the very *middle* of an open, treeless field I saw a Cat, sneaking low-bellied along, and had it been any other time I surely would have found pleasure in giving the Cat a run. The "track" led me along a dusty road over a stone fence and far into the Hills. Times there were when I could almost name the color and shape of what I sought; when close to understanding, I lost it all again, and I whined for the strangeness of it all. So trotting and trotting and ever thinking I had come to the End, brought me to a stony spot in an arid field; here the smell was strong and whirled around me. I ran about whining, growling, with many short yaps, but nothing I found, and the smell faded out, so I caught no track of it. The Smell of Mystery was gone, and with it went my strange longing to know of it. So I galloped homeward by the way of the meadow and brook. I waded chest deep into the water, and lapped to quench my thirst, jaw downwards into the water—this way of drinking is most good. The Day may come when I shall know the cause of Mystery, but now I have nigh forgotten the spell of the Smell. I went back to the "Boy" and found joy in his face, which came again to him while I was away seeking. He saw great love in my eyes, and fell to petting and making much of me. I wagged the steady wag of contentment and understanding. The air was heavy with sweetness and rest. The "Boy" made an end of his caresses, and I lay on the cool green sod and slept.

MORGAN SHEPARD.



## Announcement



SO-CALLED *édition de luxe* of the works of Walter Pater is in preparation. This term of description has been of such frequent and indiscriminate use of late that it may mean much or little. It is therefore preferable to say that it is proposed to issue a library edition worthy in form of the importance of the author. It is to be limited to 750 sets, of which 250 will be offered for sale in America. The first volume, *Studies in the History of the Renaissance*, is to be issued in September, followed by monthly volumes, so that the set of eight volumes will be

complete in April next.

After many postponements, the date of publication of Mr. Stedman's *American Anthology* has been definitely set for this fall. It is first to be issued only in a limited, large paper edition, probably in August.

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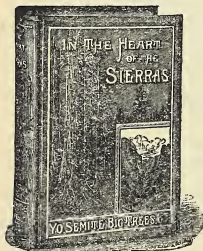
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Gather about you the following important objects: An onyx-top table, a piano lamp of brass (amputated leg of an ostrich preferred), topped by a yellow paper shade with generous amount of red satin ribbon tied thereonto; four gilt chairs (these need not be expensive), three other chairs well upholstered in any color at all, but have them good and puffy. Do not fail to get China silk scarfs of pink, Nile green and yellow, decorated with sun-rays, cat-stitching and metal. These scarfs are to be used upon chairs, gracefully thrown over the northeast corners of one or two pictures, and placed over the right-hand top end of a white and gilt easel down to the northwest corner of a family portrait in crayon on the easel, the frame of which should be gilt (well gilded) lightened by a touch of red plush. If possible have a *tête-à-tête* sofa, two rattan stools painted white with occasional dabs of gilt to relieve coldness. Place one white hair rug in a central position, thereby giving an air of luxury and richness to your room. Secure by all means two or three small sheepskin rugs (hairy as possible), selecting a bright red, a yellow verging into green, and a green verging into yellow. These last-mentioned additions give warmth and color to the room and will never cease to stimulate the imagination and prove an incentive to further artistic development. Select with care a large, square, beveled-glass mirror with a broad black frame, and request some young lady friend to paint poppies, sunflowers, or, better still, La France roses upon the frame and one-quarter over the glass. Hang the mirror exactly over the middle of your white marble mantel, having the northeast corner of it upwards. This touch gives an ease and *abandon* very pleasing. Upon the mantel have two Royal Worcester vases, a gilt clock, a silver bonbon box, seven photographs of your best friends in appropriate frames, an ash tray (shaped like a crab inside out). Over the right end of the mantel place a silk drape (the best you have), of course placing the decorative objects *over* not *under* the drape, and avoid all possibility of catching the fringe in your buttons or hooks and walking away, thereby hazarding the safety of your treasures. You may add other bits to your mantel decoration if you so desire. One or two photographs of babies on bearskin rugs upon the center-table will give a gentle and human touch, much appreciated—but this suggestion may be adopted or not according to personal feeling—some prefer the more *severe* styles of decorative arrangement. The above suggestions will prove a good *foundation* for your scheme of decoration, so we will finally suggest a liberal distribution of pictures with warm frames upon the walls, a few palm-leaf fans, painted and ribboned, a purple jardiniere with an *everlasting* palm in it, twenty-seven sofa pillows of all colors on your sofa (taken for granted). The background for this scheme of decoration, in wall-paper and carpet, should be in harmony. Avoid bald coldness and simplicity, for the artistic soul and nature demand color and variety, and a room to be complete should be *full*, so the mind and eye may have something to do.—*The Home Maker*.

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